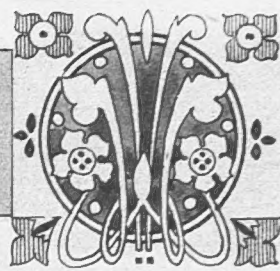




THE SKETCH



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No. 1535—Vol. CXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



A COMMITTEE MEMBER IN HER DRESS FOR THE HOSPITAL BALL: MRS. JAMES FORBES.

Mrs. James Forbes, the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel James Stuart Forbes, is a member of the committee who are arranging the Ball at the Albert Hall to-night, June 28, in aid of the Hospitals of London Combined Appeal. Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles is the President of the Ball Committee, and the entertainment will be one

of the most brilliant ever held in the Albert Hall. One of the features will be a pageant of the fashions from 1810 till 1910, so this piquant and charming costume which Mrs. Forbes will wear is likely to make a contrast to the majority of dresses, which will, of course, be Victorian in style.—[*Photograph by Maul and Fox.*]

THE TWO COURTS OF LAST WEEK: BEAUTIFUL



1. THE WIFE OF SIR HARRY LAUDER: LADY LAUDER, PRESENTED BY THE HON. MRS. BAILLIE.
2. PRESENTED BY HER MOTHER, MRS. MAURICE GRAHAM: MRS. ASHLEY COWAN.
3. PRESENTED BY LADY BAIRD: MISS JANE CLARK.
4. PRESENTED BY MRS. MAURICE FITZGERALD: MRS. W. R. F. GOUGH.
5. WEARING A BEAUTIFUL DRESS: MISS IDA BIRKIN.
6. THE WIFE OF THE INTERNATIONAL RUGBY FOOTBALL PLAYER: MRS. C. A. KERSHAW.
7. PRESENTED BY HER AUNT, VISCOUNTESS CHETWYND: THE HON. MRS. HARRY BALFOUR

8. PRESENTED BY HER MOTHER, LADY CARDEN: MISS ENID CARDEN.
9. PRESENTED BY HER MOTHER, THE HON. LADY LAWSON-JOHNSON: MISS OLIVE LAWSON-JOHNSON.
10. PRESENTED BY HER MOTHER, LADY IERNE TUFTON: MISS NOREEN TUFTON.
11. THE DAUGHTER OF MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH: MISS PRUDENCE BOURCHIER.
12. IN A BLACK SATIN DRESS, WITH PANELS OF SPHINX SEQUIN EMBROIDERY: PRESENTED BY HER AUNT, LADY BARNES.
12. IN A BLACK SATIN DRESS, WITH PANELS OF SPHINX SEQUIN EMBROIDERY: LADY IERNE TUFTON.

The two Courts held last week were very brilliant, and that of Thursday, June 22, the third of the season, was attended by the Prince of Wales.

Photographs: Nos. 1, 7, and 9, by Elliott and Fry; Nos. 2, 3, 4, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, and 21, by Harry Wainwright; No. 5, by Malcolm Arbuthnot; No. 6, by H. Walter.

DRESSES WORN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



1. PRESENTED BY HER MOTHER, LADY HENNIKER-HUGHAN: MISS HENNIKER-HUGHAN.
2. PRESENTED BY HER AUNT, VISCOUNTESS GOSCHEN: MISS R. GOSCHEN.
3. PRESENTED BY LADY HEPBURN: MISS MINA CASLON.
4. PRESENTED BY HER MOTHER, MRS. ALFRED COLE: MISS ENID CHAMBERLAIN.
5. PRESENTED BY HER MOTHER: MISS KOCH DE GOOREYND.
6. THE WIFE OF THE SECOND BARON: LADY SWAYTHLING.
7. WITH A "BOUQUET" MADE OF FEATHERS: MRS. ARTHUR McGRATH (ROSITA FORBES).
8. ONE OF THE MANY LOVELY DRESSES: MRS. HARCOURT GOLD.

21. PRESENTED BY HER SISTER, COUNTESS SONDES: LADY WALPOLE.
22. PRESENTED BY MRS. W. S. SOAMES: MRS. DOLPHIN.
23. PRESENTED BY HER MOTHER, LADY LOBNITZ: MISS LOBNITZ.
24. THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF LADY ANGELA FORBES: MISS FLAVIA FORBES.
25. PRESENTED BY HER MOTHER, MRS. RICHARD BYRON: MISS SHEILA BYRON.
26. IN A HANDSOME GOWN OF WHITE-AND-GOLD BROCADE: LADY HARRINGTON.
27. PRESENTED BY HER MOTHER, LADY FERGUSON: MISS BLANCHE FERGUSON.
28. PRESENTED BY LADY IERNE TUFTON: MISS BARRETT.

any lovely dresses were worn, and our pages give an idea of the sumptuous quality and beauty of line of Court fashions of to-day.

8 and 13, by Bassano; Nos. 14, 22, 23, and 25, by Vandyk; Nos. 15, 16, 17, 18, 20 and 21, by Spcaight; No. 26, by Lafayette; and No. 27, by Maull and Fox.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

The Prince's Return.

It was easy to get sunbeams out of cucumbers this week! All the stars of the firmament appeared to join forces with the sun—our own particular sun—to welcome home the most beloved of all young men.

England has missed her Prince. The London season, strive as it might, has missed him terribly, in spite of the numerous balls and dinner-parties and gala everything. Now London is herself again. (I never know whether our Metropolis is male or female. It is too mysterious to be all masculine, and far too moody; it is too virile and strong, powerful, prosperous, and purposeful to be all feminine. And to call London "it" is like that worst of all insults commonly hurled at the infant heir of all the ages before the barber and a pair of miniature trousers have proclaimed his sex once and for all.)

I had not meant to see the Prince's triumphant arrival. On my way to a tea-party, however, I suddenly realised his train was due. In spite of a dread of crowds, I flew into a taxi and on to the window of a certain club, whence I looked over a sea of faces straight into the eyes of the Prince as he sat beside his father, opposite his two brothers. And the unforgettable fact of the day was the obvious emotion of the King. But the most sacred song in my heart was started by something more unforgettable still. His Royal Highness's eyes were full of tears. There was no mistaking the trembling of his mouth. The outburst of cheers, the continuous and increasing volume of cheers, the waving handkerchiefs and flags and flowers and bunting—above all, perhaps, the *feel* of his own England—were almost more than he could bear. The green trees of England were so infinitely greener than any green things in all the world. He was discovering the old joy of pain—the pain of loving. He was possessing his land as he had never before possessed it. His King and his father were welcoming him home. The very word did not exist in any other language the whole world over.

Those excited people were *his* people. Oh, how I blessed him for those tears! How I hope the whole world saw them! Tears—the one certain sign of the soul we always knew our Prince had—the one safeguard between the Throne and the people—the eternal proof of the only power on earth worth having, the power of feeling.

God bless the Prince of Wales.

The Horse Show.

The opening of the Horse Show at Olympia on Monday of last week was one of the big events of the season.

The King and Queen were both looking wonderfully well, her Majesty wearing a lovely blue gown embroidered richly in gold, and a creamy gold toque with most becoming feathers to tone; the King a dark-grey frock-

coat and a black silk hat. How plainly they show their innate love of horses on these occasions! Lord Lonsdale himself knows no more about a horse's points. I am sure that distinguished cavalry soldier, Lord Valentia, and Major Hunloke, who were in the Royal Box, had their own natural interest awakened tenfold. Everyone who is privileged to talk to the King proclaims his Majesty's knowledge, not only of a fine horse when he sees it, but of the precise difference between almost every breed at this greatest of all international horse shows.

Lady Mary Cambridge, still very much in the company of her aunt, the Queen, looked particularly sweet and pretty in a soft, filmy blue gown, and was chatting a good deal with the King. The Dowager Lady Airlie was in attendance on her Majesty, and Colonel Arthur Erskine on the King; while among others on the reception committee I noticed Sir Cecil Lowther and Sir Gilbert Greenall.

I never see a Lowther without somehow feeling that the Empire is pretty sound and safe, after all. There is something particularly British about "Meat" Lowther, in spite of his Swedish Order of the Svaerd, in spite of his being a Commander of the Legion of

Honour, in spite of his Spanish Order of Military Merit, and all the rest.

Lawn-Tennis at Roehampton. And straight from Olympia I motored off to Roehampton to see the beginning of the Davis Cup, and there I found another Lowther—Mr. Harold Lowther, the ex-Speaker's brother, as interested in lawn-tennis as he is in Canada—that remote ranch or whatever it is he owns so picturesquely overseas. Though his beard makes me wish he were a sailor, and his . . . but one is not supposed to make personal remarks, even complimentary ones to a bachelor, so Jane won't.

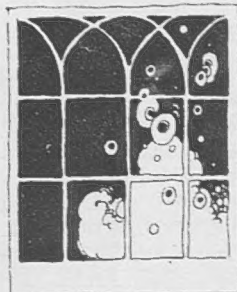
A Burglary. Mrs. Towers-Clarke junior was at Roehampton. And of all tragedies hers is one of the worst. She and her husband and two babies have only just settled into their house in Lowndes Square, a very delightful house. Like most young married officers, during the war they stored silver, jewellery, furniture, etc. The other day for the first time it was all sorted out and distributed, as they vainly thought, for life. And on Derby Day, while they were blissfully down at Epsom, a trusted and tried servant, none other than the



venerable butler, decamped, leaving no trace of silver, jewellery, or clothes. Imagine a lady's feelings on entering her bed-room—the dressing-table stripped, the wardrobe empty, and downstairs the dining-room and pantry as bare as on the day they moved in!

But if Jane were to go on, all their friends might be moved to send relays of new wedding presents. But at least the whole Coldstream Guards might turn out to look for the thief! (And how he could leave those two lovely babies is beyond me, though I suppose babies have no commercial value in a pawn-shop.) But to get back to Roehampton.

Lady (John) Ward was looking most *chic* in her lawn-tennis clothes, with Miss Goss, the very good New York tennis-player. Jane nearly did a terrible thing. As she tried to watch a match in which she was particularly interested, a little trail of cigarette smoke floated straight into her eyes. She leant across a group of people and was about to protest, when, lo! the centre of the admiring group moved! *It was Mrs. Mallory!* The one and only Mrs. Mallory, who had beaten the one and only Mlle. Lenglen! And this was the heart of the tennis world. And no Royalty could be more important. And no menial more insignificant as she slunk away than Jane. But she cheered herself up by clapping her loudest when Major Kingscote and Mr. Riseley defeated the Italian players. And she saw Lady Kitty Somerset, the Duke of Westminster, Lady Wavertree, Lord Rocksavage, and all the tennis-players, and just



1. Angela is very busy designing a magnificent house, in case they should ever possess sufficient money with which to build one. She is not making any plans, as they are so very difficult—particularly the stairs.



2. She has drawn a fine picture of the front of the house—very grand, with turrets and things; but has got very entangled with the side elevations, and means to leave those for the builder.

had time to see that most delightful of all lily-ponds, with the sun making the little gold-fish frivel about, and the rock-plants all mauve and blue, and the reeds and rushes saying sweet nothings, when it was time to motor back and dress for dinner and go on to Mrs. Abel Smith's small dance in Lowndes Square—a very jolly evening.



3. She has thought of several alluring interior features—including a bath-room for the darling dogs, complete with sunken baths.

A Wedding and an Engagement.

And Jane met that charming ex-Coldstream Guardsman, Captain Cecil Gunston and Lady Doris Blackwood at another party, where everyone was congratulating them on their engagement; and, since she could not be everywhere at once, only Jane's soul attended the wedding of Lady Joan Capell (while her body was still at Roehampton), but she heard all about it from a million people.

The bride's classical gown of gold-spun cloth over an under-dress of Brussels lace, and the long train of gold cloth entirely covered with lace, must have been wondrously becoming. And Nile-green bridesmaids (ten of them), St. Margaret's, June, and the wedding garments of the multitude all contributed their share of glory. And now the happy pair are honeymooning at Rest Harrow, Lord and Lady Astor's lovely house at Sandwich.

I heard a delicious story of those immortal Compton twins (who were the tiniest attendants). On the Sunday before the wedding their anxious mother took them to church in the hope of accustoming them to the atmosphere before the auspicious event. They were told that in church they must sit very still and not utter a syllable, as no one talked in God's House. They behaved admirably till halfway through the First Lesson, when one of them, pointing to the parson, said, with a great air of protest, and in no overhushed voice: "That man's been talking all the time!"

Decorations Worn.

Lord Revelstoke's ball was a great success. Most of the political personalities were there, and, of course, with Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles the honoured guests of the evening, everyone wore decorations—always

an added glory to any ball—though some of the Dames' ribbons are not over-becoming. Indeed, it is the sterner sex who invariably look best with "Orders and decorations."

And with the coming debate in the House of Lords (it will be over by the time this is printed) on one or more of the "honours" recently conferred, no one is quite sure whether to be proud or not of his or her particular star! It is one thing to wear a pretty thing, and another to have your merits and demerits publicly questioned. Most women who escaped even the O.B.E., in spite of really strenuous war work, are silent about the magnificent rewards of those comparatively idle (but conspicuous) and self-complacent others! But, bless their hearts, it doesn't matter: who cares *who* got the glory, so long as most women worked? And now, with the Prince back, and the Peace Day Ball once again being talked about, the great thing is to make the most of youth and summer and what is left of the season; and Jane, for one, is glad to do any trifling good she can do anonymously. She does appeal with all her soul, however, to every human being to help all he or she can with the Peace Day Ball on July 19.

Lady Titchfield is eloquent about the needs of The Cedars, Chorley Wood—"the college for the higher education of girls with little or no sight." Lady Plymouth is also interested, and Lady Sondes, Lady Athlumney, and Lady (Arthur) Pearson (who knows almost as much about blindness as the blind themselves). The ball will take place at the Hyde Park Hotel.

The Hon. Arthur Howard and Miss Baldwin.

St. Margaret's was again the scene of a pretty wedding on Tuesday of last week, when Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal's son married Miss Lorna Baldwin, the second daughter of Mr. Stanley Baldwin, M.P.

The seven bridesmaids were Miss Betty Baldwin, Lady Patricia Ward (Lord Dudley's daughter), Miss Peggy Leigh, Miss Pamela Peel, Miss Elsie Kipling, Miss Ivy Somerset, and Miss Grizel Davies. They wore becoming gowns of leaf-green over pale-pink chiffon, and wreaths of gold leaves held long green veils on their heads.

The bride's gown was of soft white brocade, draped with a tulle veil held by a fillet of myrtle-leaves and a tiny spray of orange-blossoms.

Lady Sondes and Mrs. Ronald Brooke.

Quite the jolliest ball Jane has been to this season was the one on Wednesday night at the Hyde Park Hotel given by Lady Sondes for her daughter, Miss Meakin: and Mrs. Ronald Brooke for her daughter, Miss Moira Ponsonby.

Even by eleven o'clock the ball-room was quite crowded, and when the people who had been to the Court all arrived with their long trains, feathers, veils, and much-decorated men-folk, we really felt most grateful for the opening of the supper-rooms—the only possible outlet for the overflow. You could see that no one would go on to any other party that night. Lady Sondes in silver brocade, and her daughter in white tulle with a ruche of pink roses, looked their best—a very good best. Mrs. Ronald Brooke in a beautiful white diamanté-and-silver gown with a blue drapery, and a most becoming diamond tiara, stood with her attractive girl (who was in white) next to Lord Sondes to receive the guests. The Duchess of Abercorn arrived with a large dinner-party of young people. So did Muriel Lady Helmsley and her daughter-in-law, Lady Helmsley, who looked lovely in pale mauve, and wore a very high diamond tiara and carried a big ostrich-feather fan. Lady Arthur Grosvenor's two daughters were among the prettiest girls there—Miss Isolde in pink and Miss Barbara in all black. Other pretty girls were Miss Gwendolen Meysey-Thompson, Lady Mary Ashley, Miss Angela Tollemache in pale-pink lace, Lady Diana

King, Lady May Loder, Miss Ruby Hardinge, Lady Alexandra Curzon in bright green lace, Miss Grahame (Lady Cynthia Grahame's girl), also in a very becoming bright green, Lady Karen Agar in salmon-pink, Miss Victoria Lloyd in white, Miss Raphael in pale mauve; and quite the happiest-looking girl in the room was Miss Ashley dancing with her fiancé, Lord Louis Mountbatten, who had only arrived back with the Prince a few hours earlier.

Sir Ian Hamilton took a large dinner-party (Lady Hamilton is in mourning for her nephew) that included Lord and Lady Eustace Percy, Lady Lindsay (who wore a most becoming head-dress of pearls and old paste), Major and Mrs. Ambrose Dudley, Mr. Alden (the celebrated author), Sir Kay Muir (Lady Hamilton's brother), his step-daughter (who was very pretty in white), and several others. Among the very many were Lord and Lady Athlumney, Lady Powis, Lord Ashley, Lady Edward Churchill, the Hon. Gideon and Mrs. Murray, Lady Campden, Mr. Pat Bradshaw, Mr. Goff, Sir Alan Horne, Lord Leslie, Lord North, Cora Lady Trafford, and Admiral and Mrs. Niblack, of the U.S. Navy.

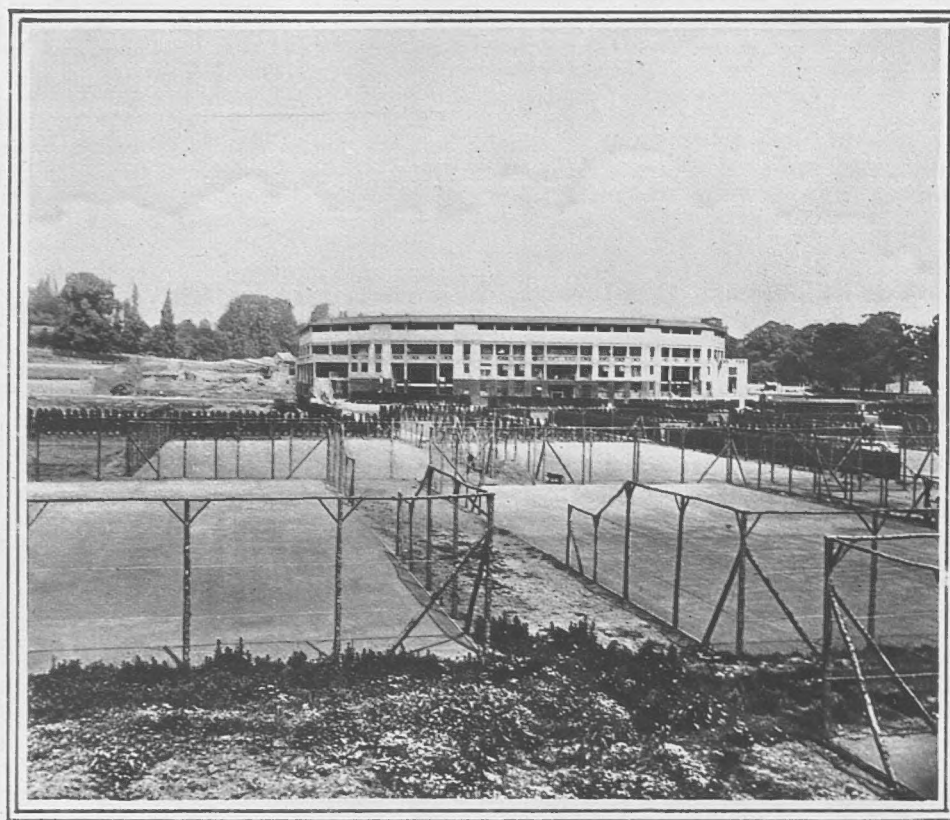
Never has Jane seen such delightful suppers. There were bowls of pink roses, with little electric lights in the shapes of canaries, owls, dogs, parrots and peacocks—all beautifully modelled and coloured, perched on the flowers or floating in the water or suspended from overhanging roses. The whole decoration was roses and dainty trails of smilax. The lights were beautifully shaded with pale pink. The floor perfect, the music, the preponderance of men, the fresh air that floated through the open windows straight from the flowers in the Park, the joy of Jane's own soul suddenly watching the dawn again, as though she too were a débutante and did not care even if the unflattering old sun did shine forth in all his glory—all these things made the evening one of those that are never forgotten.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

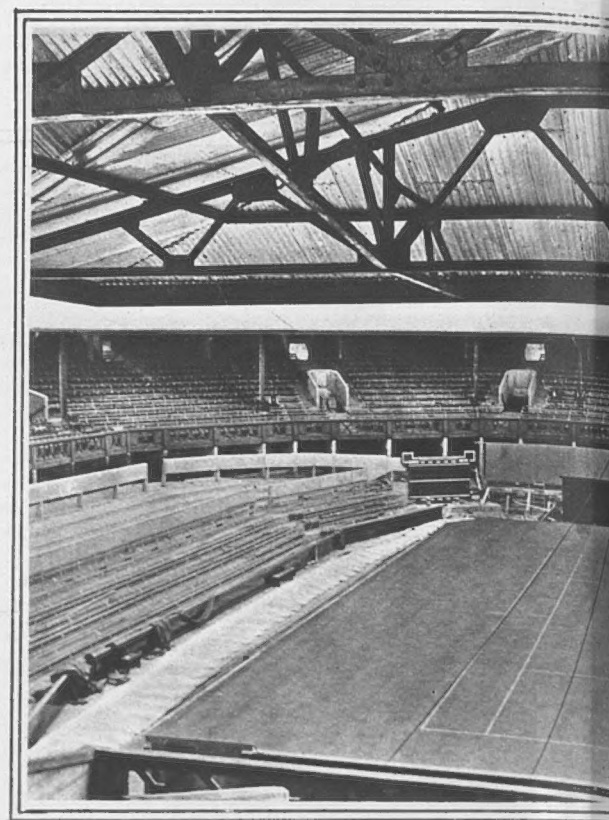


4. These may rather disturb the ceiling of the room below; but Angela thinks that they might be converted into cupboards for some of Algy's boots.

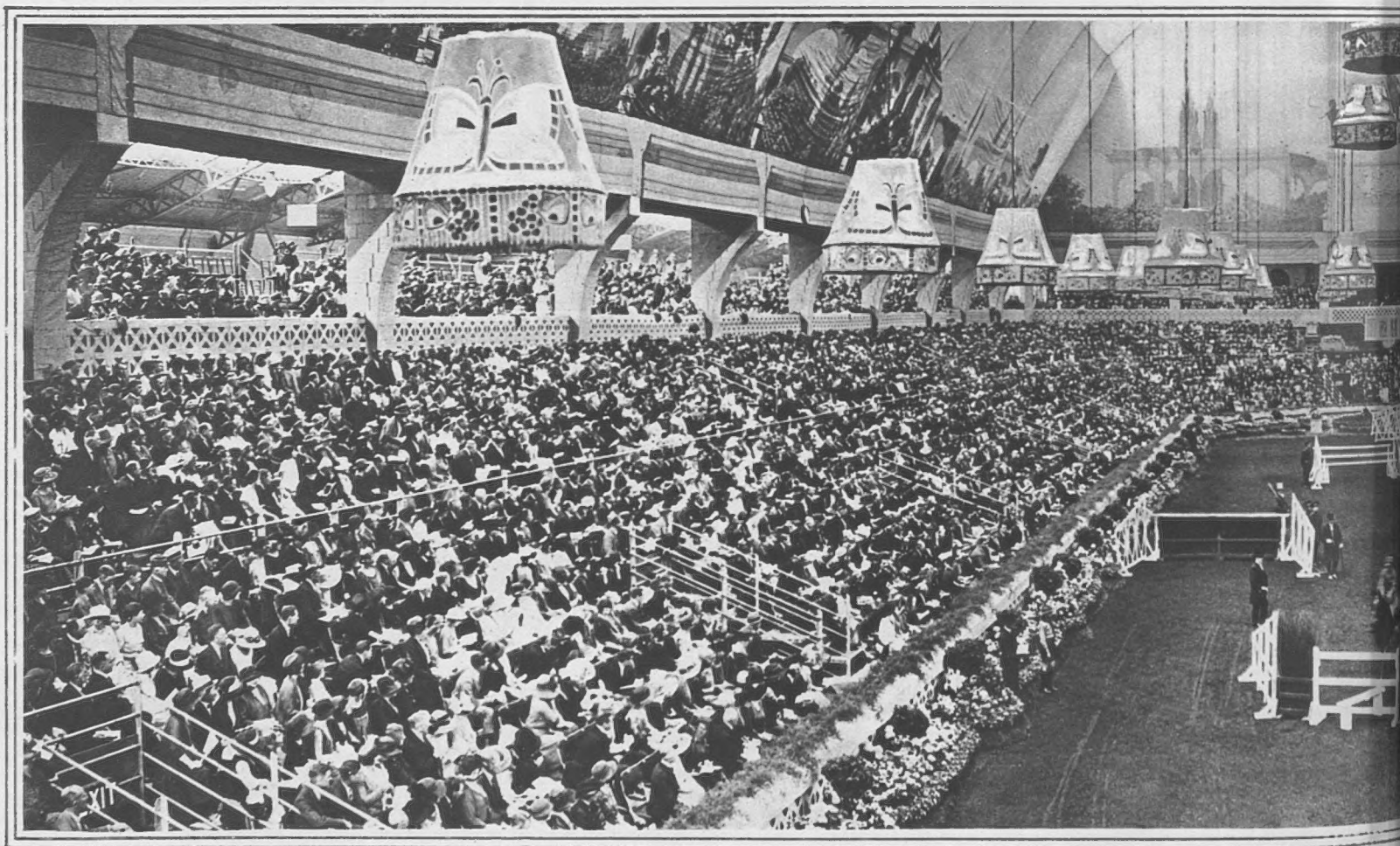
GREAT SPORT CENTRES—THE NEW WIMBLEDON AND



SHOWING THE HARD COURTS IN THE FOREGROUND: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW WIMBLEDON.



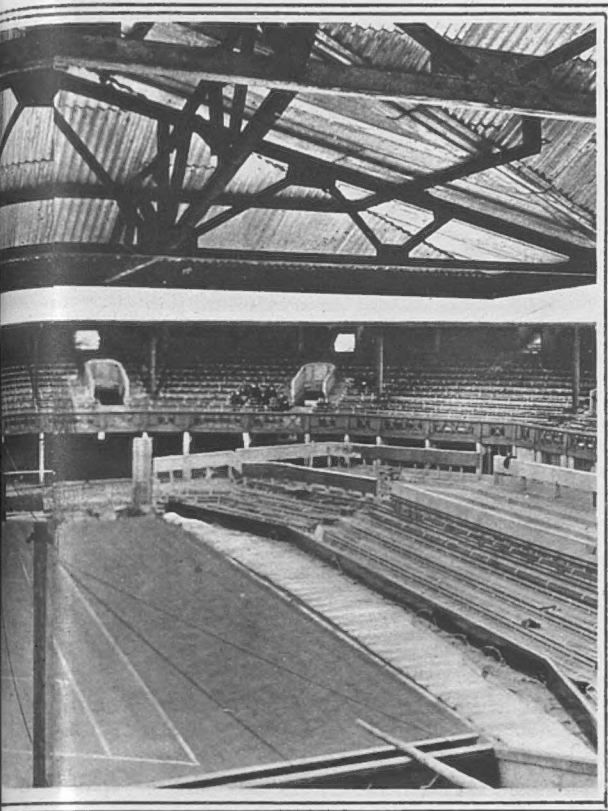
WHERE 13,989 PEOPLE CAN SEE ONE MATCH AT THE CENTRE COURT.



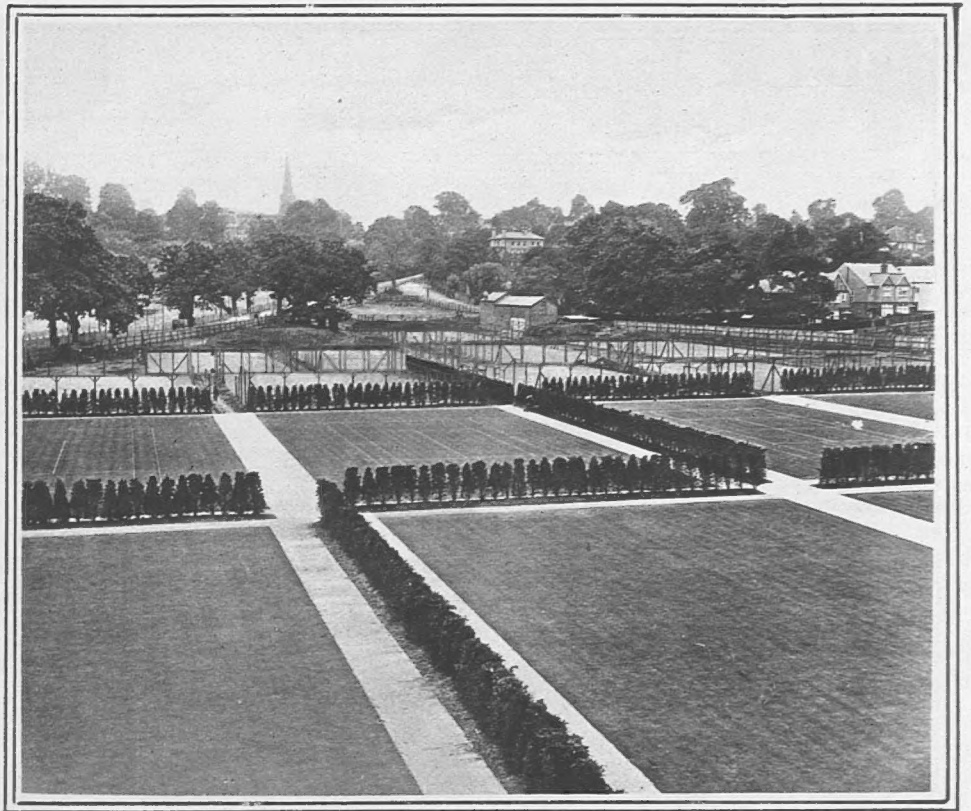
WATCHED BY THE KING AND QUEEN: THE JUMPING

The thrill of the opening of the Lawn-Tennis Championships at Wimbledon is increased this year by the wonders of the new setting for the great lawn-tennis struggles of the experts. The Centre Court stand at the New All-England Lawn-Tennis Ground is like a vast amphitheatre, reminiscent of the Coliseum of Rome. With the Centre Court, it covers nearly an acre, and there are forty-seven staircases giving access to the seats. There is actual seating accommodation for 9989 people, and standing room for some 4000, so altogether it is a mammoth affair, worthily representing

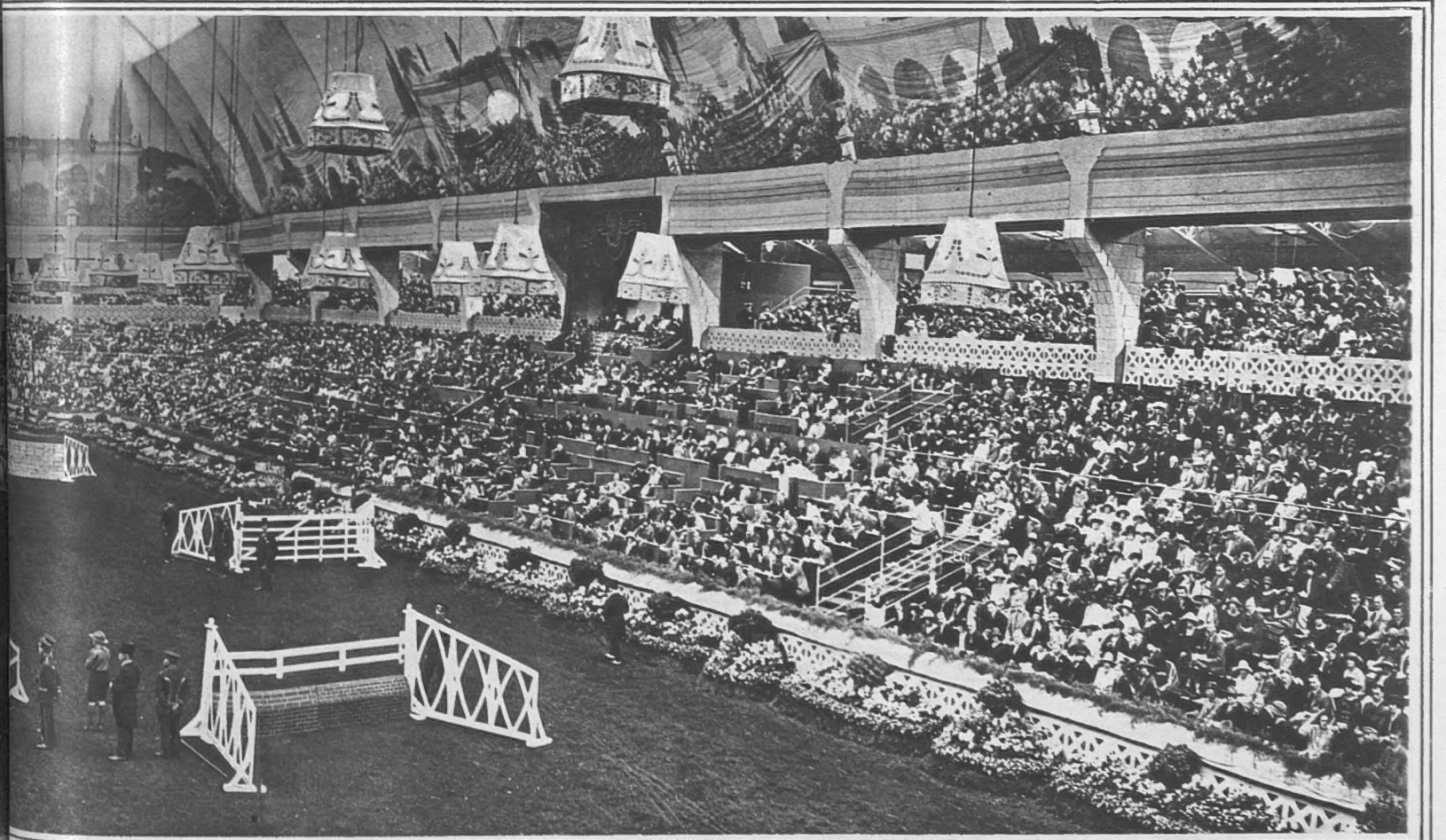
THIS YEAR'S OLYMPIA: CENTRE COURT AND ARENA.



INTERIOR OF THE NEW STAND ROUND THE WIMBLEDON.



WITH YEWE-TREES TO KEEP THE WIND OFF: THE OPEN-AIR COURTS AT WIMBLEDON.



THE KING GEORGE V. GOLD CUP AT THE HORSE SHOW.

The immense interest which everyone now takes in lawn tennis. The turf on the 14 new courts is like velvet, and has been specially imported from the Solway Firth. It is a natural dwarf grass, and has wonderful wearing qualities.—The King and Queen attended Olympia in order to watch the jumping for the King George V. Gold Cup, which was won by Major Count Antonelli's Bluff. Olympia was as beautifully decorated as usual, and the jumping was good. The winner made a fine show, but he only just managed to beat Lieutenant Clavé's Affronteur.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

Flagmania. A few evenings ago, whilst strolling along a quiet street in a southern seaside town, I saw, just ahead of me, a young woman talking to a young man. She was facing him, and had a basket in her hand. "Oh," I thought, "she's trying to sell him a flag."

The young woman, of course, was doing nothing of the sort. She was merely chatting with the young man just as young women used to chat with young men before the war. Besides, it was too late for flag-selling, and I believe, moreover, it was one of those exceptional days on which no flags had been sold.

All of which makes the matter worse. It shows that we are getting flag-selling on the nerves and on the brain. When the avoidance of flag-sellers becomes automatic instead of deliberate, it is time to put a stop to the horrid practice. No man nowadays is safe. In the old days you could look at a charming girl in the street, admire her appearance for the legitimate number of seconds, and pass on. No harm was done. The girl was pleased, the man was refreshed, and all was well.

That is finished. If to-day you glance at a pretty girl for the fiftieth part of a second, she will rush at you and ask you to buy a flag. I don't know whether girls get any pleasure out of this flag-mania. Men, obviously, don't. It is a constant reminder to them of the inherent mercenariness of the feminine sex.

Mrs. Grundy Approves. It is quite possible that flag-selling was invented and is perpetuated by the kill-joys. Girls are least enchanting when they are playing cards for money or trying to sell something. The rapacity of even the nicest girls is then terrible to witness. Charm and grace fly from them in sheer horror. They become harpies and vampires. One man is precisely the same to them as another. Given two men, one rich and repulsive, the other attractive but poor, they would unhesitatingly select the repulsive fellow every time.

I mean, they would do this when they are selling flags for charity, or seeking out the boodle for some other laudable purpose. "Very praiseworthy," you say. I am not so sure of that. My theory is that the cause fades from their minds, and the getting is predominant. It is an instinct that comes from a long way back, this predatory instinct of the female.

Men don't possess it in anything like the same degree. In fact, the average man is

rather lazy about getting money. He is content with just enough, which, after all, makes the world more possible as a place of temporary residence.

Bored to Sin.

The Canterbury Diocesan Conference has been considering the recreation and sport of the people, with particular reference to the vile, wicked, and pernicious suggestion that the people should amuse themselves

Lord Harris was swiftly put into his place, or somewhere near it, by Mr. G. P. Ridley. Mr. G. P. Ridley maintained that the whole aim and object of sport was either to inflict suffering and death upon some of the lower animals or else to cause humiliation and mortification to other people, simply in order that the sportsman might glorify himself.

How true this is! Take, for instance, cricket. Lord Harris knows perfectly well that the main idea of modern cricket is for the stronger side to inflict suffering and death upon the weaker side. That is the answer to those who would see our cricket-grounds thrown open on a Sunday. Shame, thrice shame on Lord Harris, who is the sort of person to take unholy delight in the murder of a batsman, who has nothing with which to defend himself but a small and clumsily shaped piece of wood; no fewer than eleven men are allowed to hurl a ball as hard as a brick at the poor wretch's body, the while his companion is forced to stand by, inert, strapped, helpless, and see his greatest friend, perhaps even a blood relation, battered to death!

Vindictive Tennis.

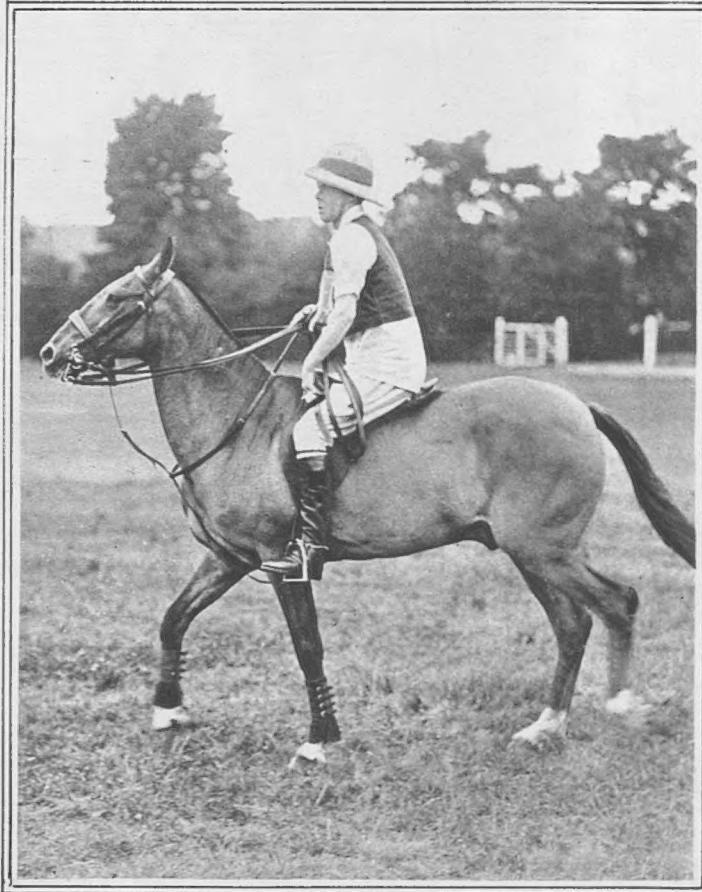
It is just the same with lawn-tennis. In the town where I am at present writing, a seaside town, altogether too prone to gaiety, all the lawn-tennis clubs close their lawns on the Sabbath. People have been heard to exclaim that this is absurd—that lawn-tennis in public is no more wicked than bridge in the back-garden.

Mr. G. P. Ridley could silence them in a moment. It is the spirit underlying lawn-tennis that matters. Four girls face each other, each armed with a harmless-looking racket. What is their desire? A little game of knock-it-over-darling? Not likely! They are there to cause humiliation and mortification to the less skilful of the players!

Watch that girl serving! She throws the ball high into the air, raises herself on her toes, swishes at the ball with her racket, sends it at lightning speed in the direction of her opponent! What happens?

The opponent strikes wildly at the oncoming ball, misses it, and a ruthless point is registered against her! To-night her pillow will be wet with tears of humiliation and mortification!

Are we to allow such cruelty as *that* on the Sabbath? No, no, no! The Sabbath was made for Mr. G. P. Ridley and his kind, not for young people who would befoul the fresh air with their vicious games!



THE PRINCE OF WALES PLAYS POLO AT RANELAGH: H.R.H.'s FIRST GAME SINCE HIS RETURN.

The Prince of Wales played for Ranelagh against the Wanderers the day after his return. He was in very good form, considering that it was his first game on an English ground for so long. The sides were: Ranelagh—The Prince of Wales, the Marquess of Blandford, Mr. W. Filmer Sankey, and Mr. R. Jenkinson; and the Wanderers—The Duke of York, Captain E. D. Wallace, Lieutenant-Colonel F. V. Willey, and Brigadier-General W. Sweeney. The sides were exceedingly well matched, and at the end of the final chukker, the score was three goals all.

Photograph by L.N.A.

in the fresh air on Sunday rather than be bored to sin.

Lord Harris, that extremely bad man, had the audacity to suggest that Sunday should be a day of recreation and rest for the tired body and mind. The abandoned nobleman added that it was no rest or recreation for a man who had been sitting on a high stool in a stuffy office for five and a half days in the week to study a book or go into a museum.

The Peke in his Glory: at Ranelagh and Westminster



Mrs. Philip Hunloke
with Wingerworth
Peter
and
Wingerworth
Chonic.



Mrs. Wilmot Bennett
with her prize-winning
Ch. Portelet Tzu Ting and
Portelet Golliwog.



Mrs. Kennedy
with Nanking Wen Tu.



A winner in the
Puppy Dog class;
Mrs. Campbell Farrar's Timmie of Bignalls.



In the Lennox Challenge Bowl, which
he has nearly Won Outright: Saltzema.



Mrs. Cowell's
Faraline Wen-di.



Miss Queenie Verity-Steele
with Verity Comshaw.



Mrs. Ashton Cross's
Chu Toy of Nonsuch.



Miss H. Penn's Zion Hai Lo.



Candida,
Marchioness of Tweeddale
with Saltzema.



The Misses Ashton Cross with a sextet of competitors.

Who says that the Blue Bedlington or the Alsatian will ever really oust the Pekinese from his position of premier favourite among pets? Last week the aristocratic Pokes of England were seen in all their glory, for the Summer Open Show of the Pekin Palace Dog Association took place at Ranelagh, and the Pekinese Club

and French Bulldog Club of England held a joint show at the Royal Horticultural Hall. The entries in both cases were good, and a number of dogs appeared at the two shows. Our photographs show a number of competitors and owners. A large proportion of the Pokes whose portraits we give are prize-winners.

Photographs Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, and 13, by S. and G.; Nos. 2, 6, 8, 9, 10, and 12, by Alfieri; and No. 11 by I.B.

THE LADY OF THE ROSE AMONG HER OWN ROSES



A LIGHT-OPERA STAR AT HER COUNTRY

HOUSE: MISS PHYLLIS DARE.



IN HER SUNK GARDEN: MARIANA
OF THE DALY'S SUCCESS.



MARIANA AMONG THE POPPIES: MISS
PHYLLIS DARE GATHERING FLOWERS.



THE GUINEA-PIG AND HIS CHARMING OWNER:
MISS PHYLLIS DARE.

Miss Phyllis Dare, who is making one of the most important "hits" of her ever-successful stage career as Mariana, the heroine of "The Lady of the Rose," at Daly's, is very fond of country life, and spends as much time as she can at her delightful country home, Loudwater Reach.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR

COUNTRY HOME PICTURES OF MISS PHYLLIS DARE.



UNDER A SHADOWED AISLE OF CLIMBING BLOSSOM: MISS PHYLLIS DARE.

Rickmansworth, where she can indulge in the delights of the garden and the lawn-tennis court. Miss Phyllis Dare, who is the sister of the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett, formerly Miss Zena Dare, has been on the stage since she was a child.

THE SKETCH " BY STAGE PHOTO. CO.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

"The Man . Not in Dress Clothes."

This is a story that is going the rounds. Of course, it isn't true—although they tell it in the Inner Temple, and it concerns a great legal dignitary.

An American came to London with the best introductions to the great legal dignitary, who received him affably; and, finding he wanted to meet certain Englishmen of high position in finance and diplomacy, arranged a dinner to which all these distinguished men were bidden. The dinner was to be in ten days—on a Wednesday. Meanwhile, the American slipped over to Paris.

The night of the dinner came. The guests arrived in ribbons and Orders. At last came the American guest—in a check suit of pronounced pattern. Dinner over, the host introduced the American visitor in one of his best speeches. The American rose to respond. But before making his real speech he asked to be allowed to say a few words about his clothes, on which he had, so he said, heard audible comments in the course of the evening.

"The fact is," he went on, "that I returned to London on Monday morning. There had been a mishap to my luggage, and my evening clothes were ruined. I went to a tailor to obtain a suit of evening clothes to wear this evening. 'It can't be done,' he said. 'But I must have them,' I replied. 'There is only one thing for you to do,' he then told me. 'You must go to Clarkson, the costumer. He can help you.'

"Well, gentlemen, I went to Clarkson and told him the fix I was in. To my dismay, Clarkson said he couldn't help me. All his stock of evening clothes had been hired out—because our host of the evening was giving a dinner party."

His Real Need. The *Majestic* and the *Olympic* and the rest of them are bringing over cargoes of America's brightest and best for the summer season. But not all our guests are industrial millionaires or lawn-tennis champions. The steeple-browed folk are coming along as well. In that café where all self-respecting painters drink their iced lager I met, the other evening, one of America's leading painters—at least, that was the impression one formed from his conversation.

He had some distinctly novel ideas. Leonardo was a two-dimensional person who ought to have been an engineer. Rembrandt was good, if a trifle suety. As for Bill "Orps" and Augustus John and A. J. Munnings, and all the other men whom we fondly imagine can paint, what they were

chiefly in need of was a correspondence course at the Philadelphia School.

But even our mentors are always learning. Our young friend wanted to know where he could purchase gamboge paint in this town. "And, say, where can I acquire one of them 'cute bows all you fellows wear?'"

Arthur Bourchier's Story.

a few days ago—

A down-on-his-luck ventriloquist with a nondescript kind of dog at his heels walked into a public-house and ordered a glass of beer. "Give me one too," came from the dog. The barman, astonished, paused in the operation of drawing beer, looked down at the dog, and said, "That dog of yours talk?"

Mr. Arthur Bourchier's friends are chuckling over a story that he told on the stage of the Strand Theatre



LORD AND LADY DESBOROUGH'S HOUSE PARTY: A DISTINGUISHED GATHERING AT TAPLOW COURT.

This group of Lord and Lady Desborough's guests at Taplow Court shows: (back row, standing, from left to right) Prince Paul of Serbia, Lord Desborough, the Hon. E. S. Montagu, Lord Lovat, the Hon. Monica Grenfell (miss one), Lord E. Grosvenor, Sir Philip Sassoon, the Hon. Michael Scott, Lord Morven Bentinck, and Lord Pembroke. In front (seated): Lady Lovat, the Hon. Mrs. E. S. Montagu, Lady Essex, the Duchess of Portland, Lord Revelstoke, Mr. Winston Churchill, Lady Desborough, and Lady Pembroke.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

"Of course I talk. Hurry up with the beer," said the dog.

"Give him a drop of beer," said the ventriloquist; "not as big as mine—just a little one."

Looking hard at the dog, the barman said, "He's only an ordinary dog too. Do you want to sell him?"

"Well," said the ventriloquist, "I'm pretty hard up, and I could do with a bit of change. What will you give?"

"I'll give you £20 for that dog."

"What will you do with him?"

"I'll exhibit him and make money with him."

"Well," said the ventriloquist, after a pause, "I'm afraid I'll have to take the money." He leaned down, patted the dog's head, and lifted him on to the counter.

"Is this on the level, guv'nor? You going to sell me?" asked the dog.

"Good-bye, old man," said the ventriloquist, pocketing the money. "I'm sorry I must."

"Well," said the dog, as the ventriloquist turned at the door to take a last sad look at his pet, "I'm a son of a gun if I'll ever talk again."

And he didn't.

**An Escoffier
Dinner Menu.** M. Escoffier, the famous chef whose name always sprang to the lips when the

Carlton was mentioned (M. Escoffier has retired now), was in London again a short while ago, looking up old haunts and old friends.

More than once, in former days, I accepted an invitation to lunch with Escoffier in a private room overlooking the Palm Court at the Carlton, and nearly always the occasion was the first full-dress trial of a new dish invented by the master cook. Many a restaurant has "murdered" Escoffier's original creation, the "Pêche Melba," but, as a rule, an Escoffier dish has so individual a

touch about it that it does not need copy-righting. Kramer, the then manager of the Carlton, sometimes came to the luncheon parties; but he, of course, left the hotel hurriedly when the war came.

As a rule, not more than five or six people sat round the table, and you were not likely to be invited unless you knew something about the *haute cuisine* or took a genuine interest in it.

The New Dish.

And once again, on this last visit to London of M. Escoffier, I had the pleasure of attending one of his private parties and partaking of a dinner selected to the last detail by the great man himself.

This was the menu—

MENU DE DINER.

PROLOGUE.

Melon au Frontignan

Caviar frais

Pain noir au beurre Noisette.

Velouté froid au lait d'Amandes à l'Indienne
Mousseline d'Eperlans aux Ecrevisses
Selle d'agneau de Béhague aux laitues farcies
Petits pois à la Française
Crème d'Asperges au blanc de poulet en gelée
Diablotins Pêches Delysia Mignardises.

As always, it is a delight merely to pronounce the names of the dishes of an Escoffier menu. For M. Escoffier is an artist of the ear as well as of the eye and the palate.

The "Pêches Delysia" was his very latest creation. Montreuil peaches, strawberry purée, and "Curaçao Ed Marnier" were the flavours one could not miss. M. Escoffier dedicated this delicious sweet to Mlle. Delysia in grateful recognition of the war assistance she gave to French *cuisiniers* and their families. It is a dish which may for all time memorialise the name of Delysia.

Green Weddings: Superstition Defied.



FORMERLY LADY JOAN CAPELL: LADY JOAN PEAKE, SECOND DAUGHTER OF ADELE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.



THE BRIDAL GROUP OF MR. OSBERT PEAKE AND LADY JOAN CAPELL: (L. TO R., BACK ROW) MISS ASTOR, MISS EILEEN PEAKE, THE BRIDEGROOM, THE BRIDE, MR. HAROLD PEAKE, THE HON. IMOGEN GRENFELL, AND MISS ELIZABETH POLLOK; (FRONT ROW) MICHAEL ASQUITH, THE HON. JOAN POYNTER (SEATED), ALWYNE COMPTON, JEAN INNES-KER, REGINALD WARD, SIMON ASQUITH, ROSEMARY GROSVENOR, AND LADY IRIS CAPELL (SEATED); (ON THE GROUND) MARY MACKAIL, MARY COMPTON, AND PATRICIA GRANT.



THE BRIDAL GROUP OF THE HON. A. J. PALMER HOWARD AND MISS LORNA BALDWIN: (LEFT TO RIGHT, BACK ROW) LADY PATRICIA WARD, THE HON. IVY SOMERSET, CAPTAIN THE HON. DONALD HOWARD, THE BRIDEGROOM, MISS GRIZEL DAVIES, MISS PAMELA PEEL, AND MISS PEGGY LEIGH; AND (SEATED) MISS BETTY BALDWIN, THE BRIDE, AND MISS ELSIE KIPLING.

The two most important marriages of last week both took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and both brides defied superstition by having green-clad attendants. The Hon. Arthur Jared Howard Palmer is the youngest son of Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal. Miss Lorna Baldwin is the daughter of Mr. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., and of Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, of 93, Eaton Square, and Astley Hall, Stourport. She wore a dress of soft white brocade, and carried a bouquet of yellow arum-lilies. Her bridal cortège of seven bridesmaids wore jade-green georgette frocks

over rose-pink satin, and carried bouquets of yellow tea-roses. The train-bearers were Miss Mary Mackail and Miss Margaret Kitson, and there were six child attendants, in jade-green. Lady Joan Capell, second daughter of Adèle Countess of Essex, and the late Earl of Essex, married Mr. Osbert Peake, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Peake, of Bawtrey Hall, Yorkshire. Her green-clad retinue of bridesmaids and pages made a pretty cortège, and the bride looked very lovely in a gown of gold tissue cut on classical lines, with a Brussels lace veil and draperies of old lace.



THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR J. PALMER HOWARD (FORMERLY MISS LORNA BALDWIN): DAUGHTER OF MR. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.

Crack Men of the Crack Counties.



JACK WHITE.



E. ROBSON.



BILL GRESWELL.

JOHN DANIELL.

JOHN DANIELL, captain of Somerset, was educated at Clifton and Cambridge. Known as "the Prophet," he is famous as a receiver of anonymous letters, to which, as a member of the Rugby Union and the English cricket selection committees, he is fully entitled. Alone he has "enjoyed" that dual distinction. His cricket is full of enterprise, the bowler you expect to be put on being generally to be found at long-leg. His is the captaincy and the spirit which is helping to keep the flag flying, not caring a cinder-cork for Championships so long as clean keen cricket is played and the game is won and lost. The "the percentages" attitude has a big following in Zummerzett.

JACK WHITE.

Jack White, slow left-hand, and Taunton educated, learned his early and his late cricket at Stogumber. He is a better bowler on macadam than on a marsh. He played for England last year at Leeds, and should have played for her the year before at Sydney, only the value of a curved trajectory on a cast-iron wicket was temporarily forgotten by those who, in July 1920, nominated the team. Not a Peate, a Peel, or a Blythe, this Somerset-born-and-bred'un makes the very best of his opponents play all the time and every time. Sometimes he makes them run about in the square-leg country, since, being a farmer, what more natural than that he should use the cow-shot?

E. ROBSON.

"Old Robby," as the veteran right-hander who has played for Somerset since the Flood is known, is on the wrong side of 50, but while the ball shines can still get useful wickets. Robson was a pretty good fast bowler years ago. To-day he has reached the medium stage, and is a fine foil to other bowlers in the Somerset Eleven who do things which he does not.

BILL GRESWELL.

Bill Greswell, of Repton and Colombo who is an expert on the price of rubber, and can tell without thinking why your motor tyres cost you four times what they should, is one of the others. He has played for the Gentlemen, and will again. Clean-bowled Jack Hobbs at the Oval the other day without getting his wicket, owing to that unfortunate rule of the game which insists that a ball must fall.

S. G. N. CONSIDINE.

S. G. N. Considine was at Blundell's, Tiverton, so he learned some of his cricket in Dem'shur. This Considine will get there in due course for he can field, being a passable Rugby half-back, handicapped hugely just now by having been present at more than one International match as a reserve.



S. G. N. CONSIDINE.



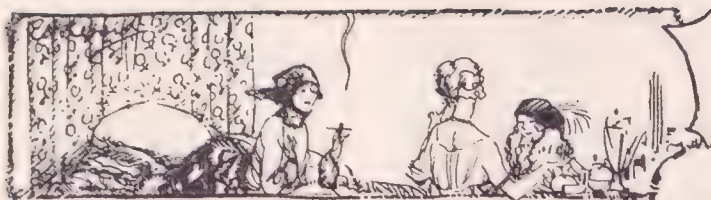
JOHN DANIELL.

Cricket Cracks of the Public Schools: Fifteen Captains.



Cricket is the national game of England, and it is natural that everyone should feel an interest in the cricket cracks of the Public Schools, from whose ranks the famous players of the future will be recruited. In

another part of this issue we are publishing a special article on Public School Cricket, so this page of portraits of fifteen captains of Public School Elevens is of special interest.



Tales with a sting.

THE DISILLUSION.

BY HOLLOWAY HORN. (Author of "The Circle of Gold," etc.)

ANNIS MALCOLM crossed one silk-shod ankle over the other and glanced up at the silent clock above him. Half-an-hour yet before he need start. He was pleasantly excited, for he was going to meet the most wonderful girl in the world!

The name of this superlative young woman was Anita, and Malcolm smiled dreamily as he visualised her. Tall, fair, very English, with calm, beautiful eyes—everything that Malcolm had waited for all these years—the ideal girl!

Like most men of thirty-nine, he had no illusions about marriage: he knew that it was folly to expect too much from it, knew also that it meant many changes which he would not like. His flat, for example, would—go. It was in one of those discreet, expensive little streets to the north of Piccadilly. The last word in comfort, where everything responded automatically to his merest whim. He would miss it—but still, he thanked goodness he was not selfish. He was *prepared* to make sacrifices for Anita's sake. She was worth it.

He took a cigarette from the box at his elbow and lit it from the tiny light of the spirit-lamp that was conveniently within his reach. The box was never empty, the lamp never out—tiny cogs in the perfectly adjusted mechanism that produced his comfort.

The leaping flames of the fire threw bizarre shadows across the room and were reflected, here and there, in the carefully polished mahogany. In the soft light Malcolm's face was seen to advantage. Not a bad forehead, and distinctly a good jaw. The eyes, perhaps, were the merest trifle too close together; the lips just a shade too thin. They lent a touch of hardness to his face, but this was a business asset, for he was a barrister. Clever—that was the *mot juste* for Malcolm's face. And perhaps for Malcolm.

In the firelight he had allowed his features to relax. She *was* beautiful. And to think that in—how long?—six months, say, she would be his wife! He was glad he had made up his mind. After all, at thirty-nine a man should be thinking of settling down. . . .

But he was also glad that he had waited. Men who had been boys with him had rushed into marriage years ago. Most of them had kept up a brave front, but Malcolm had left them behind. He was fond of quoting Kipling: "He travels the fastest who travels alone!"

It had not been easy—to wait. Particularly in those dangerous, early years, before experience had strengthened his defence.

Rita. . . . Involuntarily he smiled as she flashed into his mind, and with her came the memory of that night on the river, twelve years before, when he had all but asked her to marry him. It was the spring; the sap was rising in the plants; the evening was full of

the soft river-smell. He had looked down into her warm, dark eyes, dimly welcoming in the dusk. Across the years he remembered, with vivid clearness, the tremor that had passed through her as he met her waiting glance. In his low, receptive chair, he stirred uneasily at the memory. It *was* a narrow escape! He wondered idly what she was doing that evening. Married, probably, to some poor devil who had long since grown tired of her. . . . Still, she had been very pretty—a pale mauve memory. . . .

On an impulse, he rose and crossed to an old bureau. From a drawer he took a little pile of photographs. He glanced through them and found the one he sought. It was too dark to see clearly, so he switched on the light.

Poor little Rita!

She *was* pretty—that soft, dark-brown hair—just as she used to wear it!

He frowned as he realised how *very* narrow had been the escape, and dropped the photograph on the fire. It curled up as the flames consumed it. . . .

Funny that on this night of all nights he should have gone to these half-forgotten photographs! One—a piquant, wistful little face—smiled out of the past at him. Brighton was the background of the—adventure. But it was years ago, and the memory of it was hazy, although at the time he had loved her.

She was not a girl he could have married; his good sense forbade that. A typist, no use at all to a rising barrister. Even while he was in love with her he had known that. She, it is true, had had visions of a little house in the suburbs, with a tennis-lawn—but there had never been any *danger*. He had just let himself fall pleasantly in love.

If she had had any sense she would have known that he was not serious. She had been a bit upset at the end, but afterwards had married a draper or something, and probably had the little house with the tennis-court that she wanted. He hoped so, anyway. . . . He wished her well, even as he dropped the photograph into the fire, for Malcolm was a man of generous impulses.

It seemed rather a pity to burn the photographs, but they would have to go some time or other. It would never do to have them about after he was married. His marriage—his ideal marriage—would have no room for these pallid ghosts of old romances. Not that they affected him in the least, for nothing was so dead, in Annis Malcolm's opinion, as a dead love. And even at their brightest they had been but tallow-dips compared with the splendour of the wonderful love that Anita had brought into his life.

He looked again at the clock; in five minutes his car would be at the door. He glanced hurriedly at several other photographs before they passed to their appointed end.

The last of the bundle was the most recent, and if there had been a spark of life in the dead embers, they would surely have blazed up as he looked down at the face of Yo-San.

She was not Chinese; in sober fact, she was Irish, but he had called her Yo-San because her eyes were a wonderful velvet-brown and slanted a little when she smiled.

The sheer, magnificent passion of the girl had all but swept him off his feet. The affair had been tumultuous, a great rising flood of emotion. She belonged to the age-old type of women for whom men have, time and again, flung away careers, honour—everything; to the women in whose hands men are clay. He had trembled dizzily on the edge before he staggered back into the safety of his flat, where everything existed for his calm comfort and where emotional storms were never raised.

His face was grim as he gazed at the photograph.

Other men, he knew, had been as dear to her as he had been. It was that which had saved him. The woman he would marry must be his and his alone. Untarnished, pure as the snow on the topmost pinnacle of inaccessible mountains!

His old loves did not matter; he was clear on the point. They were over . . . done . . . and nothing, he insisted, was as dead as a dead love. . . . Besides, men were different. . . .

He dropped the photograph into the flames, which leapt around it hungrily.

Came a tap at the door.

"The car is here, Sir," Watson, his servant, stood with Malcolm's hat and coat.

The world was good that night as he looked out on the myriad twinkling lights of Piccadilly. There was something soothingly symbolic in the burning of those . . . others. He felt free, untrammelled . . . tuned to respond fully to the love that, this very night, would be his . . . his!

And waiting for him at the Rossiter's dance was the Ideal Girl, the most wonderful girl in the world!

He did it rather cleverly, and was quite calm as he took his place by her side, behind the clump of palms. Music came to them as from a distance. Now that it had reached a climax, however, the situation became a little out of control. He bungled the proposal badly, but, after all, the main thing is to get it out. Finally: "Will you marry me?" he said.

She regarded the point of her pink shoe.

"I am very flattered," she began.

"No . . . no," he murmured.

"But I'm afraid I cannot!"

He glanced sharply at her.

"I shall never marry," she said slowly, "until I meet the man who conforms to my ideal! . . . I'm sorry, Mr. Malcolm!"

This Week's Studdy.



YOU SIMPLY MUST SAVE WATER!

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE: The Studdy Dog Portfolio, containing fifteen of the most famous of the Dog Studies by Studdy which have appeared in the "Sketch," printed in colours, on thick paper, and suitable for framing, is now on sale, price 2s.

Club Caricatures from the Courts.



I.—THE SURBITON LAWN-TENNIS CLUB—ESTABLISHED IN THE EARLY 'EIGHTIES.

The Surbiton Lawn-Tennis Club was established in the early 'eighties at its present delightfully rural quarters. It possesses seventeen grass and six hard courts, and has three hundred members. As this is its full complement, further applications are to be refused. The club tournament has for years been the first important grass meeting of the

season. Many famous players have played at Surbiton, and Mrs. A. Sterry is one of the prominent lady members. Besides having been Lady Champion five times, she has seven times won the Mixed Doubles, and once the Ladies' Doubles Championships. As well as being a lawn-tennis star, Mrs. Sterry is a county hockey player for Surrey.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.

The Daughter of Horridge's Half-Crown Hats.



FLORENCE, THE HEROINE OF "WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS," AT THE LYRIC: MISS LILY ST. JOHN.

Miss Lily St. John makes a very charming heroine for the musical farce, "Whirled into Happiness," recently produced at the Lyric. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Horridge, of Horridge's Half-Crown Hats; and instead of becoming the bride of the Marquess of Brancaster, as her fond parents imagined she was about

to do, like the lady in the song, Florence "very imprudently marries the barber." But as "Whirled into Happiness" is a musical farce of true love, one ought to rule out the "very imprudently," for the Lyric heroine is certain that Mr. Horace Wiggs will take her to the Land of Heart's Desire.

CAMERA PORTRAIT SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY HUGH CECIL.

AIME-MOI, bergère,
Et je t'aimerai;
Ne sois point légère,
Je ne le serai:
Ah! que l'amour est gai
Le joli mois de mai!
Ah! que l'amour est gai, ah! qu'il est gai,
Le joli mois de mai!

Mon cœur et ma vie
Je te donnerai:
Jamais d'autre amie
Je ne servirai.
Ah! que l'amour est gai
Le joli mois de mai!
Ah! que l'amour est gai, ah! qu'il est gai,
Le joli mois de mai!



L'amour au mois de Mai

OLD FRENCH CHANSONS WITH SUPPLIES

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH"

The French song is published by permission of MM. Durand et Cie., 4, rue de la Harpe, Paris.

JILL, old girl, be nice. oh do,
Can't you see I'm gone on you?
Now, don't get the wind up, I
Really wouldn't hurt a fly.
Oh, love, howe'er the seasons flit,
You're abso-blooming-lutely IT!

My sweet life, my heart and all
They are yours, if you but call;
No one else is worth a pin
Or will get the least look in.
Yes, you're the only girl for me.
Whatever time of year it be.



Love any Time

MODERN RENDERINGS.—No. XII.

BY ERNEST H. SHEPARD.

de la Madeleine, Paris, and is from "Echos du Temps Passé."

Daughter of Last Week's Duchess Dance-Hostess.



THE FOURTH DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE :
LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH.

Lady Rachel Cavendish, who was born in 1902, is the fourth daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. The dance—at 2, Carlton Gardens—which her mother gave for her last week, on June 23 (which, by the way, was the Prince of Wales's twenty-eighth birthday), was one of the

social events in the most crowded week of the season, notable for two Courts at Buckingham Palace and the return of the Prince of Wales. Lady Rachel, who is a most charming girl, is very popular in Royal circles. She was one of Princess Mary's bridesmaids.

Photograph by C.N.

Earl Grey's Step-Daughter.



WITH VEIL TO ADD TO THE MYSTERY OF THE EYES: THE HON. MRS. LIONEL TENNYSON.

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tennyson is the wife of the famous cricketer, Major the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, only son of the second Baron Tennyson. She was married in 1918, and has two sons, Harold and Mark, who were born in 1919 and 1920. Mrs. Tennyson is the daughter of the late Lord Glenconner, and sister of the present holder of the title.

Her mother recently married Earl Grey of Fallodon, and so the famous statesman is now her step-father. Our photograph shows Mrs. Tennyson in one of the fashionable large hats with a short lace veil, to add mystery to the eyes. It was made by Zyrot, and is an example of the mode of the moment.—[*Photograph by Bacon.*]

The Juliet of "The Oldest Game in the World."



OF "A TO Z": MISS ENID STAMP-TAYLOR.

Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor, who is appearing in "A to Z," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, plays Juliet in "The Oldest Game in the World" number, which consists of a revue of famous lovers in literature

and history. Our photograph shows this charming young actress in one of the new white bobbed wigs and a velvet dress of the fashionable red.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

The Universal Game.

*Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.*

THE weather was rather unkind to the Beckenham meeting. There was very little rain, but it was cold and depressingly dull. That little rain made the courts play most trickily.

Talking of weather, Mlle. Lenglen and her papa remind me of one of those little toy weather-indicators. The captivating Suzanne stands for sunshine during the lawn-tennis season. She comes out of her little house and we say, "What a wonderful Wimbledon Week it will be! Suzanne will be there! Fine!" But suddenly Papa Lenglen bobs out of his side of the little weather-house, and he depresses us all with the news that his daughter cannot play at Wimbledon. He represents absolutely rotten weather as long as he stands there talking like that. The sky is overcast. Wimbledon will be a dull, cheerless affair without the sunshine of Suzanne. Just as we are

Just as we are in the depths of despair the lawn-tennis weather suddenly changes again. Mademoiselle reappears, and a cloudless sky during Wimbledon Week is assured.

I was talking in my last notes about the increasing number of articles that are to be found on the shelf below the umpire's chair. I have been thinking the matter over very carefully, and can see the possibility of developing these shelves into regular little stalls for the sale of every conceivable requisite for the comfort of the tennis-player. The first of these is a really

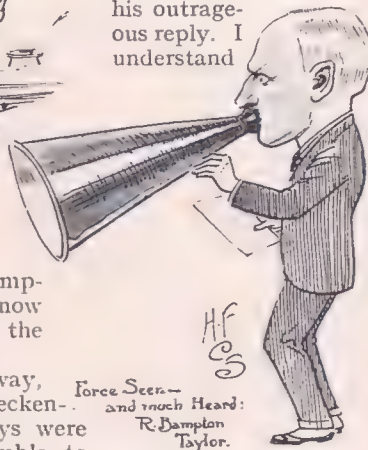
good stock of the very best champagne. Then there should be a liberal supply of "gaspers," gut-revivers, towels, etc.; and umpires would appreciate being able to purchase a reliable voice lozenge, or limesmen a serviceable pair of binoculars.

I believe the management of the Beckenham Tournament was about as well-nigh perfect as such a vast affair could be. It was in the very capable hands of F. R. Burrow, ably assisted by R. Bampton Taylor. Burrow was the unseen force; Bampton Taylor the seen—and very much heard—force. Even when, for some reason, he was without the megaphone, his enormous voice nearly broke the drum of my ear.

While Burrow, the strong, silent type of man, was wrestling inside the pavilion with

sheets of competitors paired off on what is technically known as the Bagnall-Wilde system, but vulgarly termed the knock-out method, Bampton Taylor was shouting their names down his huge megaphone.

A facetious friend of mine protested against the noise as being unnecessary. "How would you get the players together?" I asked him. "Beckon 'em!" was his outrageous reply. I understand

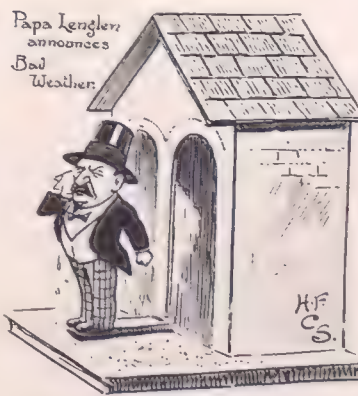


that Mr. Bampton Taylor is now known as the "bawl-boy."

By the way, two of the Becken-ham ball-boys were girls. I tremble to think what the Amalgamated Ball-Boys' Union would say if they heard about it. No profession seems safe from invasion by the fair sex. Anyhow, these female ball-boys seem to do very well out of the job, for one of them was wearing silk stockings.

Of course, the great game at Beckenham on Friday was Miss McKane and Mrs. Mallory. I have seen the American lady play several times, last year and this, and I am still trying to find the wonderful game which she is supposed to play. (This without in any way disparaging the win of Miss McKane.) First, of all, she is a base-liner, and, as with most of that type, if you keep on sending her the ball on that narrow strip at the back of the court, she will keep on returning it. Moreover, you will find

disparaging the win of Miss McKane.) First, of all, she is a base-liner, and, as with most of that type, if you keep on sending her the ball on that narrow strip at the back of the court, she will keep on returning it. Moreover, you will find



yourself tiring long before she does. She is exceptionally fit and hard. In my belief, Mrs. Mallory's chief armour is an impenetrable personality.

In all games there are to be found opponents who possess some subtle characteristic which it is hard to define—and harder still to overcome. Mrs. Mallory has this mysterious something. Miss McKane is far and away a finer player—with many more shots in her racket than the American lady. But fine player, and still improving though she is, I always consider her to be an excellent boxer, but not yet a good fighter.

Beating Mrs. Mallory, on meeting her for

the first time, will give Miss McKane increased confidence, and, endowed with that essential, she should—if she meets Suzanne at Wimbledon—give her the hardest match she has yet had, if she doesn't actually beat her.

I have been studying the various little idiosyncrasies of the leading players, and have collected a few. Miss McKane always cocks up the toe of her left foot just before she strikes the ball in her *first* service; but, if she has to have a second service, her foot remains on the ground.

Gordon Lowe, before he serves, especially if there is a pause for any reason, will see how many times he can hit the ball, with his racket-face parallel to the ground, as it rebounds from the ground at his feet. Then, when he does serve, his first service is accompanied by an audible gasp. He is very faithful to his Cambridge half-Blue belt. He was up before the full Blue was given for lawn-tennis in 1913.

Lyce t t
nearly always
wears his
shirt - sleeves
not only not
rolled up, but
buttoned. I
have always
despaired of
ever seeing
his arms.

Judge of my amazement when on Friday last, in a double, I discovered him with his arms bared.

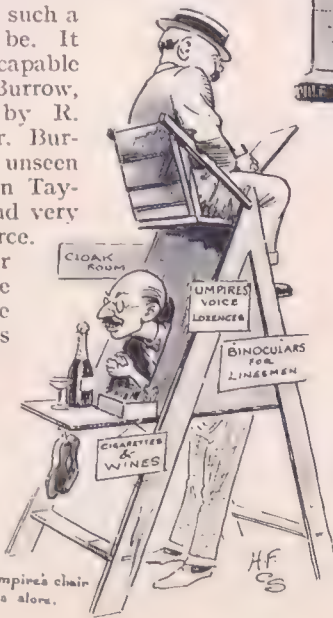
Miss Sigourney, from U.S.A., is the only player I know who wears horn-rimmed spectacles in court.

It is remarkable what ignorance still prevails about the game of lawn-tennis. At a recent tournament I met a man and his wife in the tea-tent who said they wanted to ask my opinion on a point which had arisen in a match they had just been watching.

I grew anxious. I was fearful lest I might be called upon to recite verbatim the law relating to foot faults; or define the difference, in the matter of handicapping, between the Roman number at the left of a horizontal column and that at the head of a vertical column. Instead, I was merely asked whether it was considered good form for a player to drop a ball *just over* the net so that the opponent couldn't possibly return it!

And two ladies watching Miss Ryan playing those perfectly placed little chop shots of hers were overheard to agree that if she did any more of "those sneaky little shots" they would hiss her!

Those are two "good ones," aren't they? and what's more, they are really and truly genuine. One day I'll make a collection of all the queer comments I've heard at tournaments. It would make a highly entertaining volume.



The Umpire's chair
as above.

A Girl
ball-boy.

The Unseen
Force:
F.R. Burrow.

Force Seen—
and much Heard:
R. Bampton
Taylor.

"Sunshine" Suzanne
comes out
of her
little house.

Papa Lengler
announces
Bad
Weather.

And horn-rimmed specs:
Miss Sigourney,
from U.S.A.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

The Author as Hero.

We all have a shot at it, sooner or later. The impulse is irresistible. Perhaps it is because, sooner or later, we grow so tired of being misunderstood by the public. "They shall know," we cry, "what a terrible thing it is to be author! They think it such a delightful existence to be able to live where you like and work when you please. They are apparently incapable of understanding that the very quality by which an author becomes an author—his temperament—is also his severest handicap! I will therefore write a story to explain all this to the unimaginative and unsympathetic public!"

Dickens did it. Many people will have it that "David Copperfield" is the best book Dickens ever wrote. So it may be, but the duller chapters, I swear, are the David and Dora chapters.

"The old unhappy feeling pervaded my life. It was deepened, if it were changed at all; but it was as undefined as ever, and addressed me like a strain of sorrowful music faintly heard in the night. I loved my wife dearly, and I was happy; but the happiness I had vaguely anticipated, once, was not the happiness I enjoyed, and there was always something wanting."

"In fulfilment of the compact I have made with myself, to reflect my mind on this paper, I again examine it closely, and bring its secrets to the light. What I missed, I still regarded—I always regarded—as something that had been a dream of my youthful fancy; that was incapable of realisation; that I was now discovering to be so with some natural pain, as all men did. But, that it would have been better if my wife could have helped me more, and shared the many thoughts in which I had no partner; and that this might have been, I knew."

The Callous Public.

Is that the stuff that made "David Copperfield" immortal? Not a word of it. Mr. Micawber, Mr. Peggotty, Uriah Heap, Mr. Dick, Traddles, Rosa Dartle, Spenslow and Jorkins, Mr. Barkis, Miss Trotwood, little Em'ly, Mrs. Gummidge—those are the people who will live for ever. And why? Because every single one of them is a type that the great public knows and sees every day of its life. What mere author could hold

a candle to Mr. Micawber in the matter of human interest? Micawber is always with us—ineffective, optimistic; laying down the law, in debt, impossible, lovable.

Uriah Heap! How could a book fail that contained a Uriah Heap? How many Uriah Heaps do you know in private life? Not many, I trust, but you certainly have met one or more. Their hands are always cold and moist, their smiles easy and treacherous, their manners fawning and 'umble.

What Dickens Knew.

The great man knew, I am convinced, that nobody would care tuppence about David Copperfield himself. He must have known that Copperfield was an insipid thing. But he had sworn to himself to put an author into a book, and he kept faith with himself. Lest he should lose his public in so doing, he flung all those great characters I have mentioned into the stew, and the stew was magnificently successful.

Since the days of Dickens, hundreds of authors have appeared between covers, and they will continue to appear. I doubt if many will live in the hearts and imaginations of the great public. The public have always regarded authors as a race apart—as people who were born to tell tales for their amusement. In the author himself they have little or no interest. They may think they have, yet no member of the reading public, I verily believe, but was disappointed on beholding an author in the flesh. Were he as strong as Hercules, as beautiful as Apollo, and

as brainy as Shakespeare they would still be disappointed. And so few of us, unfortunately, are as gifted as that.

"Caged Birds."

Mr. S. P. B. Mais is the latest author to leap into the arena with a story about an author. For all I know, his book may be selling at the rate of a thousand copies a day. I hope it is, for here is a brave attempt to paint a human author.

And the author that Mr. Mais draws is different from the usual author of fiction. He is a very athletic author. He swims in the sea twice daily; he plays Rugger at the age of thirty-five with the vigour and enthusiasm of twenty-two; he follows the beagles up hill and down dale to the admiration of the Master; he thinks nothing of walking thirty miles a day; and he runs madly for his train to London every morning.

I cannot remember any author of fiction who had so many activities. And his mental activities were equal to his physical activities. He is on the staff of a daily paper, where he reviews books when allowed the space to do so, and writes articles on general topics the rest of the time; he writes books, of course; he travels from end to end of England delivering lectures; he writes letters of thirty or forty pages to a charming young woman with whom he has fallen in love on the South Downs. In the intervals he wrangles interminably with his wife.

The Long-Suffering Husband.

What a wife! What a shrew! What a cat! "In any case your friends don't interest me. What I want you to realise is that by your sulks and extraordinary lack of manners you've entirely spoilt my evening. Every week-end is the same. We're perfectly all right during the week till you appear—but from Friday night till Monday morning is a sort of nightmare from which it takes us nearly all the week to recover."

"All right," said Denys, rising, "In future I won't come home."

"I wish you meant that. You're not the sort who doesn't come home. You're like a cat... I can't conceive why your pride doesn't make you keep away."

That is the way they went on. She never had a decent word to say to the poor wretch. There was another man living in the house—a person called Pen, who had no money, did no work, and amused himself by joining

in the reviling of Denys. What was he doing there? Well, Denys was a kindly-hearted fellow, and could not kick a man out who was down on his luck. So the wife and Pen danced together, and played cards together, and generally cheered each other; whilst Denys worked like a steer and kept the home going.

Where Denys Failed.

Is Denys more human than David Copperfield? Yes, he certainly is, because of his passion for this girl on the Downs. And his passion for the open air and athletics makes him human. But I do wish he had kicked the miserable Pen out of his house, and followed that up by giving the wife a tremendous thrashing. She was pining for it. In the vernacular of

the day, she was asking for it. Every word she spoke to her husband was a plaintive wail for firm treatment. The first navy in the roadway could have told Denys what to do.

[Continued overleaf.]



WRITING A BOOK ON SOCIETY: THE HON. MRS. CHARLES RUSSELL.

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Russell is the latest Society woman to turn author, and is at work on a book on Society. She is the eldest of the four daughters of the late Lord Burghclere, and married Captain Alexander D. Cumming Russell in 1916. Her married sisters are the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Fry and the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Hope Morley.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN CECIL GUNSTON, M.C.: LADY DORIS BLACKWOOD.

Lady Doris Blackwood is the eldest daughter of the late Marquess of Dufferin and Ava and of Countess Howe. Her engagement to Captain Cecil Gunston, M.C., eldest son of the late Major B. H. Gunston, has just been announced.

The Dover Road Collector of Eloping Couples.



THE RUNAWAYS RECOGNISE EACH OTHER: LEONARD (MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN); ANNE (MISS NANCY ATKIN); MR. LATIMER (MR. HENRY AINLEY); EUSTASIA (MISS ATHENE SEYLER); AND NICHOLAS (MR. JOHN DEVERELL)—(LEFT TO RIGHT).



THE G.O.C. ELOPING COUPLES AND HIS AIDE: MR. AINLEY (R.) AS MR. LATIMER, AND MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH AS DOMINIC.

Mr. A. A. Milne's new comedy, "The Dover Road," at the Haymarket, is the tale of a wealthy bachelor who lives on the Dover Road, and spends his time and his money "catching" eloping couples, and keeping them willy-nilly on a week of probation. Mr. Latimer, the "collector" of runaway pairs, is aided by Dominic, the all-pervading butler with the grand manner. The couples are given rooms in different



NICHOLAS TRYING HARD TO GET A WHIFF OF HIS PIPE WHILE EUSTASIA "COSSETS" HIM: MR. JOHN DEVERELL AND MISS ATHENE SEYLER.

wings of the house. Leonard's apartment is draughty, so he gets a cold and is cross. His clothes are, moreover, "lost"; and by this plan Anne begins to think better of the "bolt." Nicholas is "put off" his elopement by Eustasia's mania for "cossetting," which is specially trying when he wants to smoke his pipe—and in the end, the elopements do not come off; but one is left wondering exactly what does happen!

(Continued.)

But Denys was not a navy. He was still fond of Ann. I can't think why, but he was. We all admit that marital relations are inexplicable. Yet his fondness should have driven him to take strong measures. I don't mean, probably, that he should have really beaten the woman; that would have frightened the children and caused much gossip



PRINCESS JULIANA OF HOLLAND: THE ONLY CHILD OF THE ONLY REIGNING QUEEN IN AN OLD NATIONAL COSTUME.

Princess Juliana of Holland, who was born on April 30, 1909, is the only child of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, the only reigning Queen. Our photograph shows her in an old national costume of Holland, posed to resemble a Dutch picture.

Photograph by Deutman.

among the neighbours. But there is no sort of doubt that the only way to save his home was to make himself master in his own house.

He never does it. He meets the father of the girl-on-the-Downs, turns his parental anger to respect, and arranges to marry Jocelyn when his own wife has divorced him. And thus the story ends, Denys being the loser to the extent of two quite charming children.

His Loves and Hates.

Denys was as violent in his hates as in his loves. He hated most of the people in his office in London. (I am not surprised at this. What a nightmare of an office! As Alice said, "There may be one," but that one has not come within my experience. Newspaper offices as I know them are quiet, orderly, even dull—on the surface. At the offices of the *Morning Sun* pandemonium reigned supreme. Denys never knew when he was in for a bear-fight, a wiggling, or a deluge of epigrams.)

He loathed all lovers, more especially the lovers on the front at Brighton. The marvel is that he had time to observe them at all. The Brighton resident—Denys lived in Hove, by the way—is the last person ever seen on the front.

He detested all golfers, and rejoiced, therefore, when the beagles raced over no fewer than three famous golf-courses in one day. I think I was playing golf that day. However idiotic we may have looked to Denys, I should like to assure him that nothing ever looked

more fatuous to me than a scattered horde of adult people panting wearily after a bunch of very podgy little hounds. But I am not a beagler, you see, and Denys did not understand the fascination of the perfectly executed golf-shot—when it comes off.

The Magic of the Downs.

On the whole, then, I like Denys best for his love of the Downs. "The meet was at Poynings, at the northern foot of the Downs. He walked up Sackville Road and across the allotments, hating the dull drabness of man's handiwork: once past the kennels his mood changed on the instant. There was no more indication of artificiality: he was out of his cage. The light green of the early spring crops mingled with the light and dark browns of the chalk downs. Larks were singing everywhere: riders were galloping over the soft turf. There had been a sharp frost, and where the sun had not penetrated a white rime covered the landscape. He walked, cap in hand, singing to himself as he went along. As he dropped down by Saddlescombe, the whole of the weald spread out before him, grey, blue, and green—homely, comfortable. The switch-back ridge of the Downs was soothing, too. There was no grandeur to frighten, only austere beauty to please, something definitely English."

Lovers of the Downs will find a great deal to please them in this turbulent, wayward, very human, very "live" story. Ten years hence, when Mr. Mais reads it all through with more mature eyes, he may wish that he had toned down the asperities a trifle, and dealt in rather more kindly fashion with the sharp-tongued wife.

"The Altar Steps."

Mr. Compton Mackenzie is quite at his best when he writes about very small boys. That, to me, was the main attraction of "Sinister Street," and I was rejoiced to find that his new novel, "The Altar Steps," opens with a very frightened little boy calling aloud for his guardian angel.

His mother answers the call, of course, and then occurs this most delightful bit of dialogue—

"The room looks quite safe now, doesn't it?" Mark theorised.

"It is quite safe, darling."

"Do you think I could have the gas lighted when you really must go?"

"Just a little bit for once."

"Only a little bit?" he echoed doubtfully. A very small illumination was in its eerie effect almost worse than absolute darkness.

"It isn't healthy to sleep with a great deal of light," said his mother.

"Well how much could I have? Just for once not a crocus, but a tulip. And, of course, not a violet."

"Mark always thought of the gas-jets as flowers. The dimmest of all was the violet; followed by the crocus, the tulip, and the water-lily; the last a brilliant affair with wavy edges, and sparkling motes dancing about in the blue water on which it swam."

If only the whole book were like that! Some day Mr. Mackenzie will take himself rather less seriously, and then he will give us a book that everybody will love. At present he must have a "theme" of surpassing grandiloquence, and this time it is Ritualism, laudation of,

I don't like it. I don't like the names of the Trinity chucked here and there in the pages of a novel, in precisely the same manner as they bounce about on a Salvation Army drum. And all this is a mere prelude, if you please, to "The Parson's Progress."

I must have made a mistake about Life. How long is it, really?

"Scarlet Patches."

Truly, I have been thrust into some strange worlds since I suddenly became a literary lounge. Here we have a young lady—with nothing on, apparently, but a string of scarlet blossoms—sitting at a grand piano.

She was married to a man called William, who drank. As a matter of fact, she was rather glad that William drank.

"As I watched William lying fast asleep, when he had returned fairly early, his mouth hanging loosely, and the lines of dissipation deepening in his one-time handsome face, his thick red hair ruffled, and his heavy breathing, sometimes breaking into snores, I would think that perhaps I was going to be happy after all, and that freedom would come to me soon, if I were patient."

And did it? Ah, that is for you to find out. I will give you an inkling to whet your curiosity still further. Part IV. is entitled, "Dawn."

Caged Birds.. By S. P. B. Mais. (Grant Richards: 7s. 6d. net.)

The Altar Steps. By Compton Mackenzie. (Cassell: 7s. 6d. net.)

Scarlet Patches. By Violette Roberts. (The Bodley Head: 7s. 6d. net.)



A COLONEL'S LADY AND A HUNTING LEOPARD: MRS. MORTIMER HANCOCK AND SHEBA.

Mrs. Mortimer Hancock is the wife of Colonel Mortimer Pawson Hancock, D.S.O., Royal Fusiliers, and is the daughter of Mr. George Gordon Battle, the well-known American lawyer. She is shown with Sheba, a hunting leopard captured in Somaliland, where Colonel and Mrs. Hancock recently made a tour. Sheba was brought down from the interior swung from the saddle of a trotting camel, with a young tawny eagle for a travelling companion. She is the mascot of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, who have just returned from the East.

Photograph by Vandyk.

"Impersonating a Horrid Person with Consummate Skill."



IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF IBSEN'S "HEDDA GABLER": MRS. "PAT" CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell's appearance in "Hedda Gabler" was such a great success at the Everyman Theatre that the Ibsen tragedy was given for a fortnight at the Kingsway Theatre. As Hedda Gabler, Mrs. Patrick Campbell gave a magnificent display of tragic acting. To quote the author of "Plays—Without Prejudice," in our last week's issue, those

who went to the Kingsway saw "a histrionic lady impersonating a horrid person with consummate skill. . . . The languid unpleasantness of the General's daughter is exquisitely studied. This almost incredibly feline and evil young person really comes to life in Mrs. Campbell's hands. Which is a great deal more than she can be got to do in the cold pages of Ibsen."

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE SKETCH" BY C. POLLARD CROWTHER, F.R.P.S.



A Study of Golf Stances.

By R. Endersby Howard.

Squarer and Squarer.

Which is the correct stance for golf—square or open? It needs a person of surpassing assurance and outspokenness to lay down a doctrine on this subject, because, whatever he may say in favour of the method that he adopts, he finds it desperately difficult to produce practical evidence that the other method is wrong. One thing, however, can be stated with absolute certainty. It is that the square stance—that in which the feet are placed level during the address so that their line is parallel to that which the shot is to take—is steadily becoming the predominating principle. And never have I seen so much of it as during the present season. Every day and in every way the golfing world is becoming squarer and squarer.

The Old Way.

The evolution of the stance is interesting. If, seeking instruction, you delve into the Badminton book of golf—a standard work when it was published in about 1890, and still full of interest—you will find that, for a drive, you are told to stand with the right foot two or three inches behind the left. This was, indeed, accepted everywhere at that time as the correct system. The body was turned slightly away from the ball. It is not too much to say that the person who did it now—unless he happened to be a champion standing for that ultra-scientific shot, the deliberate pull, which only geniuses of the links can accomplish consistently—would be regarded by his fellows as an eccentric or a wallower in ignorance.

Mr. John Ball's Example.

The second age of the golf stance was the age of the open stance—the very opposite of its predecessor. I think Mr. John Ball, that most famous of amateur champions, may be credited with having established it in public favour. He started winning championships in 1888, and far and away the most noticeable feature of his methods was the openness of his stance. In his heyday, his right foot must have been eight inches in front of the left during the address, with the body turned almost halfway towards the ball. This may be a reasonable and natural pose for a short approach shot with a mashie, but there never was anybody who stood so open as Mr. Ball for a drive; and the very completeness of his affront to what was once orthodoxy—combined with the remarkable success which attended it—seized the public imagination. Then came the first two great English professionals, Harry Vardon and J. H. Taylor, who had worked out their golfing methods, and who also adopted this principle.

An Age of Greatness.

Vardon, at his best, had the right foot six and a half inches in front of the left for a drive—I know he measured it from time to time—and Taylor was just about as pronounced. That consolidated the position. The open stance was correct. Text-books preached its virtues; nearly every professional taught it. And—whether because of it or in spite of it we will not attempt to decide—

golf reached a very high standard during its reign, which may be set down, roughly, as a reign of twenty years, from 1894 to 1914. That standard was set by Mr. Ball, Vardon, and Taylor—all open-stancers. So far as it is possible to judge of different generations, the golf then surpassed anything that had been seen previously, and I think most people agree that its super-excellence has not been maintained.

Habits Grown Less.

However, the fact remains that the square stance has crept steadily into favour, and that it continues to win adherents. Mr. Ball, who still plays splendidly when the spirit moves him to go out for a round (I suppose he has retired finally from championships, although no definite announcement of his farewell appearance has ever been made) could not be other than an open-stancer till the end of his golfing days; but in recent years his stance has been a little less open than of yore. So, too, with Vardon; the left foot has drawn a trifle

to win his first open championship, stand incontrovertibly square; I do not know any first-class player who gets so near to placing the right foot behind the left without quite doing it. There is something dogmatic about his pose, as though he were trying to convey silently the message: "Have nothing at all to do with the open stance; stand square—absolutely square—as I do." James Barnes and Walter Hagen, the famous United States players, are both essentially square-stancers. The only old-time and long-time British champion I know who has never practised any but the square stance is James Braid. Even Duncan was once open.

Concerning Physique.

It is sometimes said that for the late beginner—especially the individual who has developed a fairly liberal expanse of waistcoat, that sign of an honourable and contented mind!—the open stance is better because, with the body turned slightly towards the hole during the address, there is less turning to be done at the finish, and a strong, smooth follow-through is encouraged. I suppose that a great deal depends on how he pivots going back. If he is going to try and pivot at the hips with the freedom of a youth during the up-swing, then the open stance surely may be a handicap, for it obviously involves a greater measure of such pivoting, and therefore strain, than the square stance, since there is farther for the body to rotate. But if he is going to take the club back—rather as Taylor does—in one sweep without a lot of body-pivoting, then there is obviously something in the open stance, which facilitates the finish.

A Lone Law.

It is possibly a point worth mentioning that most of the men of slim build stand square for a drive, whereas those of broader build, such as Vardon and Taylor, stand open. Mr. John Ball, certainly, is slim, and he stands very open. But in this, as in many other details of golfing method, Mr. Ball is the traditional law unto himself.



THE WELSH LADY GOLF CHAMPION: MRS. JOHN DUNCAN (GLAMORGAN).

Mrs. John Duncan, of Glamorgan, won the title of Welsh Lady Golf Champion at Llandrindod, by defeating Mrs. H. Franklyn Thomas (Royal Porthcawl) in the final by 9 up and 8 to play.

Photograph by S. and G.

nearer to the line of the right. Taylor's has drawn markedly nearer. The old habits have contracted, if they have not entirely changed. Mr. Ernest Holderness, Mr. Roger H. Wethered and other famous amateurs of the present generation may stand a trifle open, but the degree is so small as to afford little support to the individual who wants to argue the good points of the open stance and the bad points of the square.

Duncan the Definite.

Among the bright particular stars of the new race of exhibiting professionals—those whose qualities are such as to elevate them to the ranks of showmen—the only one who stands perceptibly open for a drive is Abe Mitchell. And he is not nearly so open as Vardon or Taylor used to be. George Duncan, who deserves to be ranked among the new stars if only because he waited till 1920



SCOTTISH LADY GOLF CHAMPION FOR THE THIRD YEAR IN SUCCESSION: MRS. J. B. WATSON, RECEIVING HER CUP FROM COUNTESS EGLINTON.

Mrs. J. B. Watson, of Murrayfield, won the Scottish Ladies' Golf Championship at St. Andrews this year for the third time in succession. She defeated Miss Audrey Kyle (St. Rule) by 2 and 1 in the final, which was watched by 2000 people.—[Photograph by Ian Smith.]

Possible Winner · Owners of Classic Races of the Future.



VISCOUNTESS ASTOR, M.P.



LADY CAYZER.



MRS. E. A. V. STANLEY.



LADY BULLOUGH.

This page of four lady race-horse owners brings the number of portraits of women owners published in "The Sketch" up to forty; but since there are over 120 ladies who have horses in training, we shall be able to continue our series for some time. Viscountess Astor, the first woman Member of Parliament, finds time to be interested in the Turf as well as in politics. Lady Cayzer is the wife of Sir Charles Cayzer, third Baronet, and is the daughter of the late Mr. James Meakin

and of Countess Soudes. Mrs. E. A. V. Stanley is the wife of Mr. E. A. V. Stanley. Lady Bullough is the wife of Sir George Bullough, Bt., whose Golden Myth achieved the remarkable feat of winning the Gold Cup and the Gold Vase at Ascot this year. Lady Bullough is the elder daughter of the fourth Marquess de la Pasture, and is interested in Alsations as well as in race-horses. Her Champion Marcus d'Abitot is one of the most famous Alsations in the country.

Photograph No. 1 by Claud Harris; No. 2, by Hay Wrightson; and No. 4, by Bertnam Park.

The Lights of Paris.

La Grande Semaine.

La Grande Semaine! That name itself evokes a multitude of things—sun and fashions, an orgy of bright robes on green lawns, *mondaine* and elegant festivities as well as sporting festivities. The Grand Steeplechase at Auteuil, the Drag Day, and the Grand Prix at Longchamp make a busy week. But it is not enough for our activity, and the rest of the time is shared between balls at the Opéra, garden-parties in stately gardens of the old Faubourg, open-air fêtes at Bagatelle and elsewhere, charity festivals, and dinner-parties.

Tall Hats Back.

Perhaps one may retain as a notable feature of the Grande Semaine the renaissance of the top-hat. Some time ago the members of the Jockey Club passed the resolution not to appear at the races with any other kind of *couvre-chef* but the silk hat. Owing to them, the *tubes* shading from the tender grey to the customary shiny black have, according to order, appeared in a sort of *levée en masse*. The *huit reflets*, which only last year seemed reserved to solemn officials, have gradually crept into playhouses. They have been definitely consecrated at Auteuil and Longchamp. We have libelled our age by saying that it saw the triumph of the *nouveau riche* and the soft collar. Now the *nouveau riche* is reviving the tradition of the tall hat and stiff collar.

Victory!

For women it can be affirmed that, after a long and weary strife, they have discarded black. Black—of which for two or three years we have celebrated the advantages and the seductions, the practical side and the mysterious charm—has given way, in these beautiful June days, to lighter and more youthful colours which bring joy and rest to our eyes. White is the *dernier cri*. I do not know why white has been said not to be a colour. Not a colour? Perhaps not—but it is all the colours. It reflects all the aspects of Nature like the glistening stream which by turns is azure-blue, or mauve, or pale-green, or light-pink, according to the play of the sun. In spite of the uncertain weather, there was a victory for all the whites, from the dazzling snowy white to the ivory white.

A White Dress. There was a *fourreau* of white crêpe-de-Chine simply adorned with open-work, all the originality being shown in a belt made of plaited leather bands which on the sides freely fell in long fringes. The touch of colour was given by a huge flower of vivid blue velvet worn at the waist. The hat was of white crêpe, lined with blue velvet, adorned with two seagull wings. Another dress was of white linen—such as *communiantes* wear—the collar whimsically swathed round the neck, which it nevertheless left free. It was adorned, like

the cuffs, with fine Valenciennes lace. The skirt, all pleated and not very long, was weighted by a belt of white wooden beads and China-pink raffia which fell in front to the bottom of the skirt. A sort of Persian tiara, also of pink raffia, completed the character of this delightful toilette.

Fête de l'Été.

The best name that ever was given to a festival in this season is incontestably the Fête de l'Été. It took place in the salons, the park, and gardens of the Ministère des Travaux Publics. All French and American Society was there, since it was given by the Comité France-Amérique. It was well attended, its aim being to reveal to visitors to Paris all that concerns the Woman of To-Day. The



was given the task of selecting not only the best creations, but also the most elegantly worn, and valuable prizes were distributed.

Old Music.

During the night three spectacles were given simultaneously—French and American society ladies gave performances of characteristic French and American dances; songs of yore and old music were sung and played on forgotten instruments in the grand salon, and a jazz-band ball went on continuously for the numerous amateurs of dancing. And those who were seeking calm and solitude in distant paths of the park could hear soft tunes played on harps and guitars in the thickets. It was quite romantic.

The Grand Prix. And then we reached the day of the Grand Prix. After a long afternoon spent in the open air the tired Parisienne might have wanted a rest. But her energy is inexhaustible. We found her that same evening dancing till the small hours of the morning at the Opéra. It is true that this great event—which well deserved its surname, La Fête des Mille et Une Beautés, was not a thing to be missed. Everybody remembered the sumptuous Bal des Perroquets of last year, where the two colours crimson and purple were alone admitted, and made such gorgeous costumes. But the Venetian Ball of this year surpassed in splendour all that could be imagined. Old Venice has been much in fashion lately in plays and revues, and Princess Murat, the organiser of the fête, well realised the magnificent decorative effects that such an idea could carry.

Venetian Scenes. The Opéra was transformed into a Venetian scene—after a Guardi picture—with gondolas on canals. Venetian lanterns of every possible shade cast in the marvellously decorated *salle* their fairy-like light. In this *décor* a Venetian Doge was *de rigueur*. M. de Max, of the Comédie-Française fulfilled this important function. Mme. Ida Rubinstein symbolised the Adriatic Sea, in which the Doges every year flung a ring to symbolise the alliance of the city and the water. Mlle. Cecile Sorel also lent her *concours*; and even our national hero, Georges Carpentier, was seen in a gondola. And all the Parisiennes

were garbed in eighteenth-century Venetian attire such as the brilliant brush of Tiepolo and Longhi placed on record. A programme-souvenir was given which contained excellent reproductions of the paintings of Guardi—which are at the Louvre—and of Ziem, Jean-Gabriel Domergue, Flameng, and others. The text was written by Maurice Barrès, Henri de Regnier, and René Boylesve. Such magnificence will not soon be forgotten.—JEANNETTE.



SPINELLI—HER WIG THE LEADING LADY VUE AT THE

Mlle. Spinelli is seen in thirteen tableaux with thirteen different costumes in "Un Bel Ange Vint," M. Rip's revue at the Théâtre Michel, Paris. Dancer, singer, and comédienne, she is the living genius of the production, and is dressed by Paul Poiret. Our photograph shows



AND HER SHOES: OF THE RIP RE-THÉÂTRE MICHEL.

the inimitable "Spi" in a wonderful wig, which beats a Fiji's fuzzy head at its own game, and in a very amusing costume. Inset are a pair of her slippers, out of which her ten little toes peep most engagingly.—[Photograph by Gershel.]

artists of Fashion had been called upon to contribute their best creations. That was in itself an attraction, but much was added by the fact that these creations were not to be presented by the usual mannequins, but by the dressmakers' *clientes*—that is to say, by the most elegant ladies in Parisian society. But the imagination of the organisers went further. A commission—presided over by the great painter Albert Besnard, of the Institut—



"MUCH ADO —"

(OR, THE SMALLER THE CAR, THE BIGGER THE HOOT)

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

In Parks, Gardens, and Clubs: Snapshots of Social Interest.



Lady Alexandra Curzon (centre) with Lady Irene Curzon and Lady Cynthia Mosley's baby.



Lady Hawke, and her daughter, Miss Marjorie Cross.



Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Farquhar (left) Lord Knaresborough (centre) and his daughter the Hon. Gwendolen Meysey Thompson.



An Archery contest between Lady Lovat and the Earl of Pembroke.



Mrs. Paget and her daughter.



The wife of the well known Middlesex cricketer: Mrs. Twining.



Lady Frank at clock golf.



The Countess of Cottenham and Captain Baillie-Hamilton.

The social fixtures of June include many out-of-door functions, as this page of snapshots goes to prove. Lady Alexandra and Lady Irene Curzon, the two unmarried daughters of Marquess Curzon, were snapped at Ranelagh with their baby niece, the infant daughter of Lady Cynthia Mosley.—Lady Hawke, the wife of Lord Hawke, is shown at the Oxo Sports, held at Catford.—Lady Lovat and Lord Pembroke had an archery contest at Taplow Court when staying with Lord Desborough.—The photograph showing Lord Knaresborough with his unmarried daughter

was taken in the Park.—Mrs. Twining, the wife of the cricketer, was one of the programme-sellers at the garden fête in aid of the British Legion, which was held at Lord Leverhulme's Hampstead Heath house; and Lady Frank, who attended it, was one of the clock golf-tournament competitors there.—The Countess of Cottenham, Captain Baillie-Hamilton Mrs. Paget, and her little girl were among those who attended the Anglo-French polo match at Ranelagh when the English won by eight goals to six and captured the Verdun Cup.

Photographs No. 1, by C.N.; No. 2, by I.B.; Nos. 3, 6 and 8, by S. and G.; Nos. 5 and 7, by Alfieri; No. 4, by Farrington Photo Co.

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Size 72 in. by 3 yds.

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25 only charming Real Italian Filet Lace and embroidered Linen Luncheon Sets comprising 25 pieces.

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No. 306. Table Glass. Fine cut lines, etched festoons. Service for 12 persons, 87 pieces.

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500 half dozens square Ivory handle Rustless Steel Cheese Knives only.

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75,000 yds. 31 in. Cretonne exceptionally reduced mostly to HALF PRICE. All carefully selected designs and colourings printed on durable fabrics.

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20,000 yds. 31 in. Shadow Tissue. Two designs in ranges of fine colourings.

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500 yds. 50 in. Multi-color Striped Tissue.

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400 yds. 50 in. Louis XVI Striped Brocade on blue, red and gold ground.

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280 yds. 50 in. Portuguese Brocade, on blue, brown and cream ground.

23/9 per yd. Reduced to 11/9

500 yds. 50 in. Satin Damask, black and gold, blue and black, tango and black.

22/9 per yd. Reduced to 9/11

220 yds. 50 in. Rich Silk and Metal Damask, in wine, black, blue and green with gold.

42/- per yd. Reduced to 14/9

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3, 3½ & 4 yds. long. Originally—pair

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Reduced to

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120 pairs only White Mosquito Net

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Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

Some Novel Accessories.

Nowadays it is the fashion to give a luncheon or a dinner to introduce any new feature in regard to motoring, whether it be a car or a tyre-pump. Of course, Horace prophesied this for me when he wrote "Cras genium mero curabis," but I wish these modern geniuses who invent things were not quite so hospitable—or rather, would not find backers of that character, as usually the inventor himself plays but a minor part in the piece. Still, I must thank the genius who has invented a new wheel-brace that, as you unscrew the nuts off the wheel when you want, to change it, pouches them in its inmost recess like a kangaroo does its young—and, moreover, feeds these nuts out again when you replace the wheel or the spare one and wish to screw the nuts on to the bolts again. And it does all this without one having to handle the nuts themselves, or pick them out of the dust and grit, as has often to be done when the ordinary brace is used. But, of course, this particular invention has no backer to give lunches or banquets, so I suppose it will languish until someone finds the patents involved are dead, and then will resurrect it and make a fortune. All the same, it is a useful tool to have on the modern car with detachable wheels.

Spot Light and Bulb Carrier.

But, having duly had many feasts at one time or other with the Brown Brothers, when I want oddments for the car I usually wander eastwards to their warehouse to see what novelties are on the market, in case there is something really useful. Recently I did this, and discovered an Atlantic spot light which incorporates a driving mirror, besides some other new features. It is really an inspection lamp as well, which was the gadget I wanted; and, as I could thus get not only what I wanted, but something that every car ought to have, I will describe the Atlantic spot lamp for the benefit of my brothers and sisters of the road. The mounting for the electric bulb passes right through to the back of the lamp, the central portion forming a spool on which is wound eighteen feet of flexible cable, the whole of which is concealed from view in the body of this genius of a lamp. The driving mirror screws into the back of the mounting, and serves as a handle for winding the cable up; while the mirror is held in position by a spring ring which, when removed, allows one to get at the screw adjustment for focussing the lamp itself. A spot light is most useful on the road, as everybody knows, for reading signposts and other things on a dark night; and as this

lamp can be taken out to be used as an inspection lamp, its double service—on or off the bracket—together with its ability to recoil neatly away the length of cord cable when not wanted, render it a desirable accessory. Also at this warehouse I came across a neat bulb-carrier that will hold a set of five spare electric lamps, and this carrier will fit in the pocket of the door of any car ready to hand, as it is flat, like a thin concertina in form. The salesman wanted me to try an anti-dazzle fitment, but it would not fit my lamps, as I could not re-insert them through the back with its grid-iron case over the bulb; but for those who have headlights whose front opens it might prove useful. It certainly was cheap and effective.

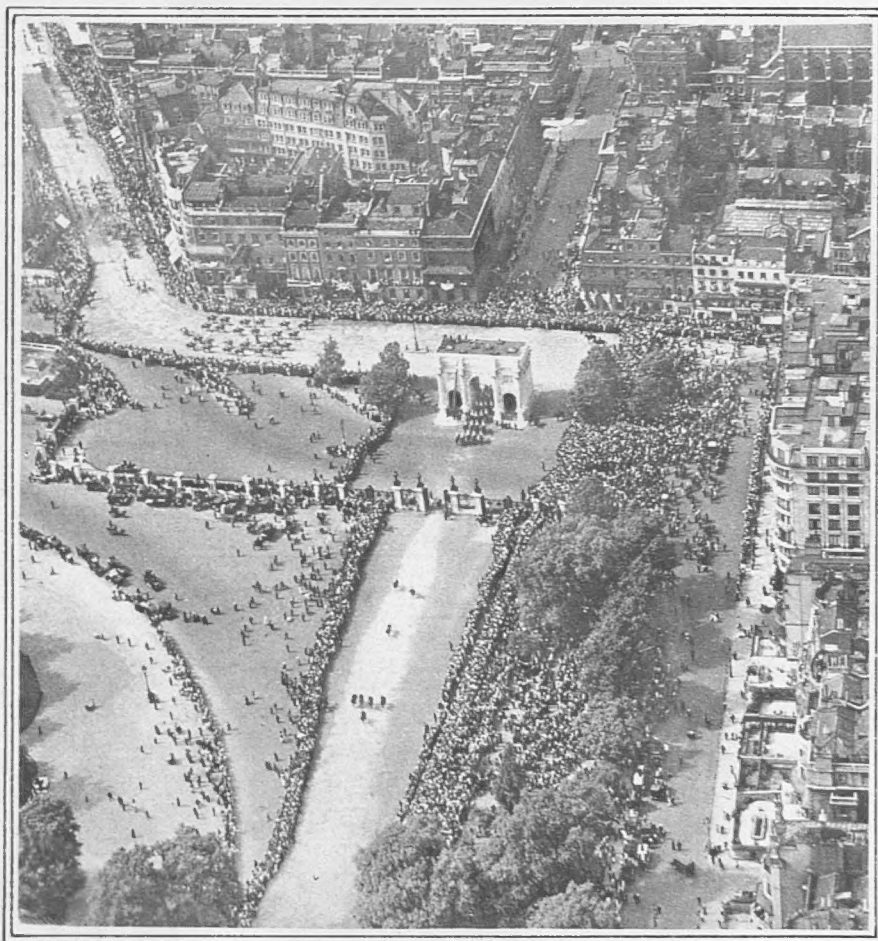


Anyway, all the agents agreed it was a wonderfully good job for a family car to seat five people, with all the latest ideas in motor design, but wished the Maxwell Company would put a price on the car that included delivery to the customer. At present, this new "good Maxwell"—this is its particular slogan—only costs £360; but this means at dockside in London or Liverpool, so that carriage is charged extra on that amount to the place of delivery. And the agents said it was difficult to explain to the customer why this charge had to be made, so they asked the company to advertise it at £370 in place of £360, but—no response. So do not think that the advertised price is what you will get the 20-1-h.p. car delivered for, though it is cheap even with the amount that may be added to the £360, its whiffage price.

Gears and Gear-Changing.

Some time ago I noticed that a carburetter was advertising as one of its qualities that it did away with frequent gear-changing. Of course, what was meant was that the engine developed more power by using it, and so could hang on to top longer. I cannot understand the mentality of a driver who worries whether the gear requires changing up or down or not. In fact, such a person is not a real driver at all if such a thing is a trouble to him, because it ought to be no trouble at all. Which brings me to wonder whether the salesmen of various makes are not largely to blame for this, as they are always talking about "can do such-and-such a hill on top." I daresay, but it could do it much quicker on its next gear. Also this trick of starting on second speed in place of first, to save the trouble of going through the gate in due order, is

bad for the tyres. I proved this last year by noting the wear on two cars of the same make and type, one of which the owner always started on its first and lowest gear, while the other owner always started on his second speed, if not on too steep a gradient. The pattern was worn off the back-wheel tyres of the latter car three months or more before that on the tyres of the first vehicle. But I do wish the four-speed boxes gave a better gradation sometimes, as, strange to say, three-speed boxes often do. But in any case I am in favour of all gears being made proper use of; otherwise, drivers simply turn their clutches into a gear-box by constantly slipping them—leprechauns as they are.



THE PRINCE'S HOMECOMING SEEN FROM THE AIR: A REMARKABLE VIEW OF THE CROWDS AND THE PROCESSION.

This wonderful photograph taken from the air gives a good idea of the massed crowds who assembled to welcome the Prince of Wales on his arrival home last week. The procession is seen approaching Marble Arch, from Paddington.—[Photograph by C.N.]

New Models in Cars.

Quite a real U.S.A. note was struck the other day when I found myself invited to a feast at the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, and saw the lobby filled with three examples of the new Maxwell—I beg its pardon, the new "good Maxwell" car. Here were all the agents and motor dealers surrounding the cars, examining the novel points, and then we all went upstairs to lunch. After luncheon, the various leading agents told the Maxwell Company what they thought of the car they, the agents, had to sell for them. I might have been in New York City, where they often have affairs of this sort with the cars in the hotel on show, but this is the first time I have seen it done in England.

Plays — Without Prejudice.

ON "LOUISE" AT COVENT GARDEN.

Fin de Saison. And so, in a blaze of glory, the opera season of 1922 wound up. We all threw our tiaras into the air and stood cheering for some time after the fall of the curtain, waiting for it to go up (and the tiaras to come down) again. Because we had enjoyed ourselves, and we were all sorry that the season was over. It opened amid the mild misgivings which invariably beset in this country any artistic undertaking which is not under exclusively foreign direction. But, as the season went on, our misgivings were abundantly dispelled.

Well Done! Because the whole achievement was of the highest possible order, and nobody but the professional grumblers maintained for this purpose by the newspapers could manage to find much fault with it. It is no use, of course, to blame the producers of opera for the inherent weaknesses of opera itself. If you regard the ideal of dramatic entertainment as the conscientious and detailed reproduction of real life, it is to be feared that you are hardly likely to realise your ideal in a form of art which compels the population of a town to assemble at quite regular intervals in the city square in order to rise upon one leg and inform the neighbours of the intoxicating qualities of the local wine, and invariably presents a victorious army entering with its mouth wide open in a rousing martial chorus.

The Score. But, taking opera as opera—and a Real Critic always likes to take a performance as something which it was never intended to be, and then to blame it for not being what it isn't—it has managed to get itself extraordinarily well done at Covent Garden. There were moments (there always are in opera) when one wanted to ask the scene-painter if he was aware that any developments had taken place in his art since the year 1860. But there were moments also when one was profoundly grateful to the energy and enterprise which has got together so accomplished and delightful a team to entertain us.

"Louise." Take "Louise." Take it, if you like, in long gulps.

Because it is one of the few operas which one can hear, comparatively long as it is (they drag you away from dinner for a 7.30 overture, and turn you out in Bow Street after 11 p.m.), without a yawn. There are no *longueurs* comparable to the narrative of Tannhäuser's adventures on the path to Rome, or that scene of unequalled farce in a section of Tube Railway which terminates "Aïda." "Louise" is one of the very, very few examples of a musical drama. The situations and the music fit one another like gloves.

Robert Radford.

Although the gloves are apt to split sometimes, when the cast

is not quite equal to the strain. But at Covent Garden one had no complaints. The first and last Acts became genuinely memorable with Mr. Robert Radford to sing the Father's part—and he threw the chair at his erring daughter with the precision of



SIR WILLIAM ORPEN'S DAUGHTER AND NIECE AT AN "IN-AID-OF" MATINÉE: MISS ORPEN (LEFT), AND HER COUSIN, MISS LAWRENCE.

Crowds of admiring parents and friends watched the dancing of the young pupils of Miss Vacani at the matinée in aid of the Infants' Hospital, held last week at the St. James' Theatre. Our photograph shows one of the three daughters of Sir William Orpen, K.B.E., R.A., the famous artist, and her cousin, Miss Lawrence, in the dresses in which they appeared on the stage. The performers ranged from tiny tots of 3 and 4 years old to young girls in their 'teens.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.



NOT A VISION OF ANCIENT GREECE: MARGARET MORRIS DANCERS RESTING AFTER THEIR PERFORMANCE AT THE HILL FÊTE.

One of the features of the Garden Fête and Sports Tournament in aid of the British Legion, which was held at Lord Leverhulme's house, The Hill, North End, Hampstead, was the dancing of Miss Margaret Morris' pupils. Our photograph shows a group of these young girls cooling their bare toes in Lord Leverhulme's marble-brimmed lake after having given their performance.—[Photograph by C.N.]



an *habitué* of the Thames Police Court. We eyed him nervously all the way round the stage and winced in anticipation of the shock every time that he got near to a piece of furniture. It was as bad almost as that dreadful shot in the third Act of "Carmen" which does so much to mar one's enjoyment of a nice silent tragedy in which mostly the violence is done in a gentlemanly way with articles of cutlery.

Miriam Licette. And the middle part of the opera was held together by the charm of Miss Miriam Licette. One so rarely—outside the Opéra Comique—sees a leading lady in opera for whose sake the tenor might conceivably have done some of the foolish and impulsive things which, if the libretto is to be believed, he was capable of doing in his leisure moments between high notes. Her acting, if one may discuss the least of her accomplishments first, was delightful. And her singing was more than all that one had been led to expect. So we were all satisfied.

—And Company. But the real charm of "Louise" lies in that queer scene in the Paris streets between night and morning when the stage is half in darkness and stray figures drift singing across it. They are not leading figures in the story. Consequently they are apt to be played by minor, so very, very minor stars. But in the recent production they were all—even the two *sergents de ville*—excellently cast, and one of the best scenes in opera got a real chance.

Encore! So if all opera was like "Louise," and if all operatic companies would work as well together as the British National, one would hear a good deal less about the financial sorrows of opera. It would really almost begin to get somewhere near the border-line of Paying. It might even walk alone without the disinterested benevolence of millionaires and the laboriously collected subsidies of municipalities. If only we could always have Miss Licette. And Mr. Radford. And the rest of the team which dragged "Louise" to victory

on the night when everybody was clammy with chilly misery after a most untriumphant return from the dripping trees and overflowing gutters of Ascot. That is the sort of thing that we want more and more of in London. There is no reason why all intelligent forms of entertainment should be reserved for the grimmer industrial towns of the provinces. We are quite capable of appreciating a sound performance up in London, and we are getting a deal less squeamish than we were about competent productions in which not quite everybody down to the stage-door fireman has a European reputation.

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MDLLE. MARCELLE DE SAINT MARTIN,
who has had her hair permanently waved in the Vasco Salons.